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The Shape of Things

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NEWS FROM LONDON SUGGESTS THAT PRIME Minister Chamberlain is still hankering after appeasement. Sir Nevile Henderson has returned post haste to Berlin, whence he was recalled after the Nazi invasion of Czechoslovakia, bearing, it is said, assurance that Britain was not aiming at encircling Germany, an appeal for moderation in the speech Hitler will deliver on April 28, and a veiled warning that if the response is unsatisfactory Britain may adopt conscription. In making this unilateral gesture of friendliness Mr. Chamberlain displays his usual exquisite sense of bad timing. Far from being calculated to restrain Hitler, it is almost an invitation to added truculence. The Nazi press has already joyfully acclaimed this move as a sign of weakness, an indication that British efforts to build up an anti-aggression front have failed. Equally deplorable are the probable reactions in the world beyond the axis. To Americans the dispatch of this diplomatic dove appears, at best, a queer way of backing up President Roosevelt's message to the dictators. Russia, already dubious about British sincerity, will hardly be encouraged to give the cooperation that is essential if any effective eastern barrier to aggression is to be built. As for the small European powers, already wondering whether a British guaranty is an asset or a liability, they may well fear that another Munich is being cooked up with one among them destined to be the *pièce de non-résistance.*

*

THE DIPLOMATIC COUNTER-OFFENSIVE OF the axis in the Balkans cannot fail to benefit from this new indication of British hesitation. A primary objective is the disruption of the Balkan Entente, composed of Yugoslavia, Rumania, Greece, and Turkey, which is the obvious foundation for any Anglo-French defensive network in Southeastern Europe. The seizure of Albania thrust a wedge between Yugoslavia and Greece, and now the former, having been made aware of the gun at its back, is being politely wooed by the axis. Preliminary negotiations are being conducted by Italy, which seems to be playing a double game. On the one hand it is loyally trying to strengthen the axis by securing the adhesion

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of Yugoslavia: on the other hand it is anxious to form an inter-axis southern bloc which would offset the present preponderance of the German end. With this in view it is attempting to settle the longstanding minority claims of Hungary against Yugoslavia. The idea is that Hungary should accept minor concessions while Yugoslavia resigns from the Balkan Entente and becomes an effective member of the axis. This step would leave Rumania, with its much larger Hungarian minority, isolated and an easy prey to economic and political pressures. It is a neat scheme likely to go into effect unless the people of Yugoslavia, who heartily dislike both Italy and Germany, continue to express themselves so strongly that even their semi-dictatorial government will be forced to listen—it is reported that when Belgrade called up reservists last week they flocked to their barracks shouting, "Down with Mussolini" and "Down with Hitler." But here again Anglo-French shilly-shallying is playing into the hands of the fascist powers.

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IN PARIS THE PRO-FASCISTS OF THE EXTREME right are drawing inspiration, if not something of more negotiable value, from Rome and Berlin for a renewed appeasement campaign. Their patriotic endeavors are now devoted to attacking and discrediting France's two most important allies. They oppose every attempt to strengthen the Franco-Soviet pact and lose no opportunity to disparage the strength of the Russian army. Britain, they argue, is a danger to France because it is promoting a war in which Frenchmen will bear the brunt of the fighting. So long as the British refuse to accept conscription, they say, their good faith is questionable. It is now reported from London, however, that the Cabinet has agreed to introduce the draft, though it is still uncertain when and under what conditions. There seems to be increasing support for this step inside Britain, but it is doubtful whether the Labor Party will indorse it unless the government also moves to conscript wealth. The budget, which at the time of writing has not yet been announced, may provide a clue to Mr. Chamberlain's readiness to strain the patriotism of his wealthy supporters.

✶

LEON HENDERSON HAS BEEN APPOINTED TO fill the vacancy left on the Securities and Exchange Commission by the appointment of William O. Douglas as Supreme Court Justice, and may become its new chairman. He was appointed in the face of the attempts of the Stock Exchange to prevent his nomination to the commission and now to block his election as chairman. Paul V. Shields, chairman of the public-relations committee of the Exchange, conferred with the President on April 20 to discuss the qualifications which an SEC member should possess and to suggest that the new chairman be chosen from those already on the commission. That, of course, would rule Henderson out. The following day the newspapers reported that the candidacy of Henderson for the commission had "struck serious obstacles" and that objections to him came from within the Administration "as well as from Wall Street." We are glad that the President ignored the Exchange's advice and named Henderson. We do not consult the railroads before making an ICC appointment or the Edison Electric Institute before naming a Federal Power Commissioner, and we see no good reason to change the procedure in the case of the SEC. Henderson's work in the NRA, as consumers' counsel and head of the planning division, and his service as secretary of the monopoly inquiry, inspire confidence. Just before his appointment to the SEC Henderson submitted a memorandum to the Temporary National Economic Committee on the failure of "self-regulation" in the British iron-and-steel industry. He will now have a chance to study at close range another example of the folly of depending on "self-regulation"—the New York Stock Exchange.

✶

THE "RECOVERY" PROGRAMS OF BROOKINGS Institution and the Republican National Committee, which appeared side by side on the first page of the New York *Times,* present an interesting parallel. Although the Brookings recommendations are much more limited in scope than the broad cure-alls offered by the Republicans, the two coincide at essential points. Both urge the immediate repeal of the undistributed-profits tax. Both ask for the elimination of taxes which are deemed to be a hindrance to business recovery, and warn against "unnecessary" government expenditures. The Brookings Institution recommends the repeal of the capital-stock tax and urges a substantial reduction in the surtax on high incomes. These recommendations, coming at this time, are particularly interesting in view of the fact that they are flatly inconsistent with the findings of the Brookings four-year study of the effect of the distribution of income on economic progress. It will be recalled that at that time Brookings concluded that the major defect in our economic structure lay in the tendency for the savings of corporations and well-to-do individuals to accumulate more rapidly than investment opportunities. This situation developed because concentration of income in the hands of a few had robbed the masses of the buying power necessary to provide profitable outlets for new capital. Instead of correcting this fundamental flaw in our economy by increased taxation on the holders of surplus capital, the Brookings Institution now would accentuate the problem by eliminating or reducing the levies best fitted to reestablish economic balance. We hope that Congress will ignore these latest recommendations of the Brookings Institution as completely as business ignored its earlier ones.

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GERMAN TRADE AGREEMENTS INVOLVING the provision of capital goods in exchange for raw materials and foodstuffs may prove less formidable in practice than in the headlines. The heavy industries of the Reich have been so monopolized by armaments that in other directions even normal replacement work has fallen far in arrears. There has, for instance, long been a shortage of essential railway material. The artificial industrial boom and the constant movement of troops and military material have put a tremendous strain on the German railroads, already handicapped by obsolete rolling stock and in need of track replacements. According to reports to the Department of Commerce, a crisis has now arisen which has forced the adoption of a four-year railroad-construction program, including 6,000 locomotives, 10,000 passenger cars, and 112,000 freight cars. It is difficult to see how the German rolling-stock industry is to meet these demands and, in addition, produce any appreciable quantity of goods for export. Yet if Germany is to exploit successfully its political and economic dependencies in Southeastern Europe it must, among other things, do something to improve communications. Moreover, the Reich has entered into contracts for the supply of locomotives and freight cars to Argentina in return for 100,000 metric tons of wheat to be delivered within the next six months. If they are wary, the Argentine exporters will only ship their wheat *pari passu* with the receipt of the German railroad material. Otherwise, having fulfilled their part of the agreement, they may well encounter a series of "unavoidable delays" in the completion of the Nazi end of the bargain.

*

A BILL TO PERMIT THE ENTRY OF 20,000 German refugee children of all faiths, outside the quota, is now being considered by a joint Senate-House immigration subcommittee. Sponsored by Senator Wagner and Representative Edith Nourse Rogers and backed by leading citizens of all parties and creeds, this measure would enable 10,000 terrorized children under fourteen to find a haven in this country in the present year and the same number in 1940. No charge on the public funds is involved, since admission depends on the guaranty of full provision for maintenance by responsible citizens or organizations. Urging a favorable report on the bill, Senator Wagner pointed out that the admission of these children could scarcely have an adverse effect on the economic life of 130,000,000 people. He might have added that they will fall into an age-group which is rapidly declining in numbers—a fact proved by a fall in the total elementary school enrolment of over a million since 1930. It may seem incredible that such a bill could be opposed except by those who share the Nazi view that a drop of Jewish blood puts a child outside the pale of humanity. Nevertheless, the American Legion and an assortment of patriotic societies have given evidence of their hostility. A representative of one group suggested we should look after the share-croppers' children before bothering about refugees—the first indication we have seen that this particular kind of patriot even knew share-croppers existed. The generous spirit of America seems to us better represented by Helen Hayes, the actress, who pleaded for the passage of the bill. "Whenever you open the newspapers these days," she said, "you find mention of boatloads of refugees, including children, being shunted from one port to another because nobody wants them. To whom can these children turn if nations such as ours do not open their doors?"

*

A BAD CASE OF JITTERS HAS DESCENDED ON New York's state legislature. The assembly has passed the Devany bill, ostensibly designed to ban from teaching positions as well as from state posts those advocating "overthrow of the government". This action is serious enough as an isolated effort; even more important is the inspiration it will provide for similar bills in other states. The arguments against such measures have been cited frequently enough and nowhere better than in Governor Lehman's veto of a similar bill last year. It would unleash a witch-hunt among teachers and state employees. And all the experience of contemporary crusades against minorities is that they ultimately challenge every brand of liberal opinion. It is heartening to note that the fight against the Devany bill is being led by a Republican, Assemblyman Moffat Abbot. It is in no way surprising that its most vigorous advocates are American Legion officials. The kind of hallucination which inspires such bills was dramatized in the testimony of two Republican Assemblymen who "revealed" that they had found on their doorsteps leaflets urging "overthrow of the Boy Scouts."

Short of War

IN CONSIDERING means of protecting the United States against the final horror of war, far too much attention has been paid to the steps to be taken after war breaks out and far too little to what may be done now to prevent catastrophe. The military tradition is deeply rooted in our heritage. It is assumed, usually without much thought, that the only substantial measures of self-defense are military measures, and that no middle ground exists between diplomacy and armed force.

President Roosevelt struck a blow at this tradition when he referred to "methods short of war but stronger than mere words." Unfortunately, the concept behind this phrase is so new that comparatively few persons have been able to grasp all its possibilities. For a small country

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there really is no middle ground between diplomatic pressure and war. But the United States is in a unique position. It is the world's leading commercial power. It commands close to one-half of the world's supply of strategic war materials. Since its diplomatic skirts are relatively clean, it has far more prestige than any other great power. It has the choice of using this power and this prestige constructively to develop and support a system of law throughout the world or, through lack of leadership, of allowing the world to relapse into complete anarchy.

The practices of diplomacy itself include several means "stronger than mere words." One of these has already been adopted in the withdrawal of Ambassador Wilson from Berlin. Beyond this lies the possibility of breaking off diplomatic relations. This, however, is not only a double-edged weapon but a weaker one than is ordinarily supposed. Added to these is the Stimson doctrine of non-recognition of the fruits of conquest—splendid as a moral gesture but relatively useless as a weapon for enforcing law.

We have long made use of means short of war to protect our rights in the field of trade. Section 303 of the Tariff Act of 1930 empowers the President to impose a countervailing duty against any country which subsidizes its exports to the United States. It was under this section that President Roosevelt imposed a 25 per cent additional duty on a long list of German exports. Section 307 of the act permits the President to exclude all goods made by forced or convict labor. Some authorities argue that this section could be invoked to exclude all German imports from this country. Section 337 allows the President to exclude goods from countries which indulge in certain specified unfair trade practices. The Tariff Act of 1934 instructs the President to refuse most-favored nation treatment to any country which discriminates against American exports. This penalty has also been invoked against Germany. In case the discrimination continues, the President is empowered by Section 338 of the 1930 act to increase duties on the offending country, or ban its goods altogether.

Thus we have, in effect, established a moral principle governing our trade relations. We grant equal treatment to such countries as grant fair and equal treatment to our trade, but we bring discriminatory pressure against countries which do not.

This same principle might be applied to stop a far greater threat to our national security than trade discrimination: the violation of treaties on which all trade and peaceful intercourse rest. Both Germany and Japan, the chief treaty-breaking states, have gone so far in high-handed action against American trade that the President could legally ban their imports completely. Short of that, he could impose an additional discriminatory tariff on their goods. The President also has the power under the Silver Purchase Act and through manipulation of the stabilization fund to help friendly countries and penalize those which threaten our security. Loans and credits can also be advanced at present through the Export-Import Bank to countries threatened by aggression. Congress could, of course, go much farther. Following the precedent established in the Johnson Act, it could pass a law prohibiting American citizens from advancing loans or credits to nations which have violated a treaty with the United States. It could embargo the export of scrap iron or scrap rubber or oil in the interest of American defense. It could adopt special legislation, such as the Coffee bill, cutting off all exports to treaty breakers.

Some persons insist that such measures would lead directly to war. There is little basis for this contention. Many of the laws now on our statute books discriminate against foreign nations for specific reasons; yet no one has suggested that they are likely to end in war. The Johnson Act prohibits loans to some countries but not to others. The most-favored-nation rule not only discriminates but does so to enforce a moral principle. Why should the United States hesitate to use the same sort of pressure against countries which through contemptuous violation of law are threatening to plunge the world into war?

Such action would be effective as a moral gesture divorcing the United States from direct responsibility for the aggression now under way in the world. But it would be far more than a moral gesture. In view of the economic weakness of the aggressor states, it is possible that a sweeping embargo on American economic assistance might turn the tide of world events. Japan certainly cannot go on without American aid. Germany and Italy are not quite so dependent on the United States, but they might well hesitate to plunge the world into war if they were denied American scrap iron and other materials essential for war making.

End Child Labor Now

ONE would have thought, before Mr. Roosevelt's campaign forced the Supreme Court out of the "horse-and-buggy" era, that constitutional amendments would be required for minimum-wage legislation, for federal enforcement of the right to collective bargaining, and for control of agricultural surpluses. But the series of amazing reversals which have now culminated in a new decision upholding farm control have made such amendments unnecessary.

The Nation believes that the new AAA decision clears away the last obstacle to a federal child-labor law, making the Child Labor Amendment unnecessary. We therefore urge Congress to reenact either the 1916 or the 1919 child-labor law, preferably the former, and thus short-

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circuit the painful and tedious struggle to obtain ratification of the amendment.

It is not generally understood that the principles on which the Supreme Court invalidated the first statute in 1918 and the second in 1922 are much the same as those on which it held the AAA unconstitutional in 1936. These principles are rejected by the new AAA decision. The case against the constitutionality of child-labor legislation as framed by Congress during the Wilson Administration was never a strong one. The first child-labor law was based on sound precedents. It forbade the shipment in interstate commerce of the products of child labor, and in doing so it followed the pattern by which Congress had earlier forbidden shipment in interstate commerce of lottery tickets, impure foods and drugs, and "white slaves." The Supreme Court had upheld these other laws, and had there been a change of one vote it would have upheld the child-labor law, for the addition of one vote would have turned the dissenting minority of Holmes, McKenna, Brandeis, and Clarke into the majority. A year later Congress passed a new child-labor law, imposing a heavy tax on products of child labor moving in interstate commerce. Congress patterned the new statute on earlier laws using the tax power as a means of regulation—notably one against oleomargarine colored to look like butter and one to drive state bank notes out of circulation. But the attempt to apply this technique against child labor was also held unconstitutional.

In both decisions, as in the decision holding the first AAA unconstitutional, the majority did not and could not question the use either of the commerce power or of the tax power. The majority held these laws unconstitutional on the ground that the real motive of Congress was not to regulate interstate commerce or to tax but to regulate matters beyond its control, in the one case manufacturing and in the other agriculture. This kind of reasoning was neatly and wittily characterized by the late Justice Cardozo in a little-known case decided just a month before the first AAA was held unconstitutional. The case involved the right of the federal government to impose a special $1,000 excise tax on persons conducting a retail liquor business in violation of state law. The principle in this respect was the same as that involved in the question of processing taxes. The court divided in exactly the same way as it did a month later on the AAA, Cardozo, Brandeis, and Stone dissenting, Justice Roberts speaking for the majority. Justice Roberts held that the liquor tax was actually an attempt to usurp police powers, as he held later that the processing tax was actually an attempt to regulate agriculture. "The judgment of the court, if I interpret it aright," Justice Cardozo said for the dissenters in the liquor-tax case, "does not rest upon a ruling that Congress would have gone beyond its power if the purpose that it professed was the purpose truly cherished. The judgment of the court rests upon the ruling that another purpose, not professed, may be read beneath the surface, and by the purpose so imputed the statute is destroyed. Thus the process of psychoanalysis has spread to unaccustomed fields."

The principles on which the court upheld the Wagner Act and the Guffey Act have disposed of the view that manufacturing or mining or the labor relations in those industries are "purely local matters." The new AAA decision implies what everyone else has long recognized—that agriculture likewise is no longer a "purely local matter." But in reversing himself, and Chief Justice Hughes, on the AAA, Justice Roberts has also abjured the attempt by "psychoanalysis" to read the motives of Congress and on the basis of those motives to prevent the exercise of powers clearly granted by the Constitution and unquestioned even by the court. For Justice Roberts says of the new AAA: "The statute does not purport to control production. . . . It purports simply to be solely a regulation of interstate commerce, which it reaches and affects at the throat where tobacco enters the stream of commerce —the marketing warehouse. . . . *The motive of Congress in exerting the power is irrelevant to the validity of the legislation.*" If the majority now admits that the motives of Congress are irrelevant so long as the power exercised is itself constitutional and constitutionally applied, why can we not now use either the commerce power or the tax power against child labor? *The Nation* asks some progressive member of Congress to start the ball rolling by introducing a new child-labor law.

Fable for Our Time

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE death of Freedom Pavilion, recounted by Laura Z. Hobson on later pages of this issue, carries its own moral. But the moral is not a simple one. It is as complex as the time we live in, and the story itself is a useful fable for our time. For this is no plain case of murder. Freedom Pavilion was killed by caution and cold water, and the doses were administered by those who called themselves its friends.

There was a certain rich man in the group that tried to launch Freedom Pavilion who is a cynic. At least he claims he is a cynic, though his role in the fight would seem to belie his boast. He doesn't like Laura Hobson's article. He says that Freedom Pavilion couldn't have been killed because it was never born. It was only an idea and it required a lot of money if it was to be brought to life. It was, he thinks, a bold and beautiful idea, one that deserved to live; but it was just the sort of idea that would least appeal to the sort of people who could contribute the money. Very rich people don't like ideas that create controversy and threaten to disturb the status quo. So it

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isn't fair, he says, to blame Herbert Bayard Swope or any of his friends. The trouble was with the idea; it was too good.

Rich cynics or out-and-out Marxists may be able to draw that kind of a moral from the death of Freedom Pavilion. But the rest of us, struggling against time to make the democratic dogma mean something and work, cannot afford to. For such a conclusion leaves us no out except revolution or fiddling—and most of us are unwilling to tackle either job.

We must believe, and fight to make our belief valid, that in a democracy people of many minds and varied backgrounds can get together on some area of common ground. From the New Deal down to the smallest and poorest defense committee, we work in that belief. We look for friends among people of good-will in many allied groups, and we expect them, rich and poor alike, to do their share and to kick in for the running expenses. And we muddle on toward our destiny in a way that would look both slipshod and unrealistic to any well-brought-up dictator but that works fairly well for us, and can be made to work better.

So much for the theory. In action, of course, we have to depend on our wit and experience to tell us whom we should call upon and whom we must shun, and how broad is the ground on which we stand. The people responsible for Freedom Pavilion made mistakes in action, as Laura Hobson freely admits. It was not, I think, a mistake to enlist Herbert Bayard Swope. I have no doubt that Mr. Swope was genuinely taken with the idea of Freedom Pavilion, even in its unadulterated form, and that, left to himself, he might have been a useful ally. Unfortunately Mr. Swope is seldom if ever left to himself. In that fact lie both his value and his menace.

Perhaps the situation can best be put geographically. None of us lives at a fixed spot marked with a sign reading Proletarian or Capitalist, or Left or Right, or even Poor or Rich. We live and have our mental and social beings in broad areas with badly defined boundaries, areas that lop over on to the places next door. We get along well enough with our near neighbors and the people down the road. We even share a few of the hopes and beliefs of the people on the other side of the tracks; but our areas don't touch theirs at many points and it's no use pretending they do. Now Herbert Bayard Swope exists on a particularly large and sprawling acreage, peopled with the most enormous variety of friends and enthusiasms. It has plenty of room to accommodate an idea like Freedom Pavilion and it stretches way over there to the right into the territory of Monsignor Lavelle and the Nazi-decorated Thomas J. Watson and their like.

What happened was foredoomed to happen and should have been avoided by the experienced people in charge of Freedom Pavilion. Mr. Swope wanted to raise money for the project. Temperamentally Mr. Swope operates on a grand scale. Where you or I would think of a few fairly wealthy people who might give fairly large amounts of money to an idea like Freedom Pavilion, Mr. Swope thinks of a lot of terribly wealthy and terribly prominent people who would be scared to death of such an idea. So, instinctively and automatically, he begins adapting the idea to the people. A little landscaping here, a vine or two there, and the clear, challenging outlines of the thing are gone. Presently Freedom Pavilion itself is gone, too, and nothing is left but a diluted, pallid shadow of an idea. And, strangely enough, Mr. Swope's important friends are also gone; and in this fact lurks a moral if he will only take it. No one, not the most rich or cautious or conservative, will respond with enthusiasm and cash to an idea that has been robbed of its life. Old Heidelberg is not enough.

But for the rest of us, including the creators and sponsors of Freedom Pavilion, the moral is different. We must draw in our friends from as many directions as we can. They must be numerous, if democracy is to work, and they must be bold. They must be generous because it is true that few ideas can come to life without money. But there's no use seeking friends or funds among those who prefer caution to courage and the status quo to any idea that sharply challenges it. In short, we'd better play in our own back yard or in that of our neighbors. We can play in Herbert's yard, too, if we really want to, but we mustn't let him inveigle us up to the big house on the hill, because the people that live there don't play our games.

The governments polled by Hitler on the question whether or not they fear he will attack them have all, in one way or another, answered no. Only a very big brave nation would have the nerve to admit that it was afraid.

A friend, Anton Kuh, has recalled an old riddle that Hitler's questionnaire brings to mind: A crocodile sees a child walking with his mother and snatches the child. In response to the mother's entreaties, the crocodile says: "I will spare your child if you are able to guess whether I intend to eat him." Question: Does the crocodile eat the child? Answer: He does; for if the mother guesses "Yes," the crocodile says, "Right," and swallows the child; if the mother guesses "No," the crocodile says, "Wrong," and, proving it, swallows the child just the same.

Senator Robert Taft says that President Roosevelt has faked a war scare just to distract attention from the failure of his domestic policy and get himself reelected in 1940. To most people it looks as if Senator Taft had faked a preposterous and odious charge just to injure President Roosevelt and get himself elected in 1940; and as if, by so doing, he might succeed in electing Mr. Roosevelt instead.

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Phil La Follette Is Right

BY ROBERT DELL

ONE of the excuses made for the Munich capitulation was the ambiguous attitude of Russia. This assertion was a calumny; Russia was willing to go to the aid of Czechoslovakia whether France did so or not. This fact has now been confirmed by Dr. Eduard Benes himself in an interview with Erika Mann published on April 19 in the Chicago *Daily News*. Dr. Benes said too that shortly before the Munich conference he sent a military commission to Russia which came back with the best reports as to all aspects of Russia's morale and military preparedness. Thus one more lie is knocked on the head. An attempt is now being made in London and Paris to represent Russia as reluctant to participate in combined defensive action against Hitler and Mussolini. This is equally untrue.

The remarkable speech made by Philip F. La Follette before the Economic Club of New York on April 18 was as gratifying to me as was the declaration of Dr. Benes. Here was an independent and extremely intelligent American observer who came back from Europe and told his audience exactly what I have been telling my audiences in the United States since my first lecture at Philadelphia on November 12. What Mr. La Follette said is summed up in the following passage from his speech:

> The policies of the present governments of Britain and France are not the product of stupidity. They have been the result of a narrow, shortsighted, but extremely shrewd purpose to give preference to class interests ahead of national welfare.

May I offer Mr. La Follette my warmest congratulations on his warning against American alliance or cooperation with the present ruling forces of England and France? It would, as he said, be a fatal mistake to intrust the future of America and the fate of democracy itself to such hands. American public opinion should make it clear to the peoples of England and France that if they desire American support they must get rid of Chamberlain, Halifax, Samuel Hoare, John Simon, Daladier, Bonnet, and the pro-Nazi cliques whose instruments they are. It is only too true, as La Follette said, that the practical results of recent American foreign policy and the activity of American representatives abroad "may have been strengthening the forces within Britain and France who are least interested in democracy and who have never demonstrated the slightest concern in the welfare of the United States."

La Follette was quite justified in his skepticism about the reality and permanence of the ostensible change in British and French policy. There is too much reason to fear that the change is superficial. Why did the British government turn down the Russian proposal of an immediate conference between England, France, Russia, Poland, Rumania, and Turkey? Because Chamberlain did not wish to commit himself. The aims of British foreign policy were accurately exposed by the diplomatic correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* in an article in the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* of April 7. He said:

> The immediate object of British foreign policy is a defensive alliance between Great Britain, France, Poland, and Rumania. This alliance, involving guaranties of immediate mutual armed assistance in case of attack by Germany, will, if it is concluded, be, so to speak, the "inner group." It is hoped that it will be concluded quickly, though Anglo-Polish relations must be established on their new foundation first (this is being done with remarkable speed). It is believed that this alliance will be manageable and effective. The intention is to limit commitments to the minimum that is absolutely required. There is no question of any form of universalism or of general "collective security," but only of specific measures against a specific danger at specific danger-points. But it is confidently hoped that there will be an "outer group," so to speak, of friendly powers who will at least observe benevolent neutrality, these powers being the Soviet Union, Turkey, Greece, and Yugoslavia. The Soviet Union is not immediately menaced and is in a different category from Poland. To force a Russian alliance on the Poles might ruin the work that has been done, work of the most delicate nature and so far very successful. A Polish-Russian alliance is in fact an impossibility, though friendly and indeed helpful relations between Moscow and Warsaw are desired and are attainable—indeed, they seem well on the way.

Since the article from which this passage is quoted was written, England and Poland have made a defensive alliance. It seems to me likely that one reason for this special treatment of Poland is that the British government thinks that Hitler has no intention of attacking Poland. He will probably come to an amicable arrangement with the Polish government about Danzig and the Corridor. The British government may also wish to deprive itself of the means of bringing pressure on Poland to enter with Russia into a general alliance.

According to the reports from Europe in the American press, Rumania has refused to join the alliance. The Rumanian and Greek governments apparently say that they are quite willing to be defended by England should the necessity arise, but not to enter into any mutual defensive contract. No doubt, like every other government in Eu-

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rope, they have no confidence in the word of the present British and French governments. This lack of confidence in itself shows that, without a change of government and a genuine change of policy in England and France, no effective defense against Hitler and Mussolini is possible in Europe. As the diplomatic correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* said, the British government will not hear of any "collective security." It still prefers, to quote Winston Churchill's famous remark, "a bloc on one side and a rabble on the other." Whether a Polish-Russian alliance is or is not an impossibility, it would have been perfectly possible to bring Poland into a collective combination such as the Russian government proposed, but the British do not desire such a combination.

According to a cable message from "Pertinax" published on April 21, there had been a certain development in British and French policy, due perhaps to President Roosevelt's intervention, and British and French negotiations with Russia and Turkey respectively were progressing favorably. The London correspondent of the Associated Press, however, reported on the same day that Soviet Russia had made proposals "which countered those put forward in Moscow by the British ambassador." Perhaps by the time that this article appears in print we shall know more about it. It seems clear, however, that the Soviet government is pressing for a collective and general system of defense and the British government holds to the system of several separate pacts. So long as the British government opposes a general system of collective defense, it will be difficult to believe in its sincerity. It is indeed already impossible to believe in it after the decision to send back the British Ambassador to Berlin, which is an open affront to Mr. Roosevelt and a sign that "appeasement" has not been abandoned.

President Roosevelt's message to Hitler and Mussolini will have an excellent effect both in Europe and America—if Hitler and Mussolini reply with a direct negative, as presumably was the hypothesis on which the message was sent. If not, the result will be dangerous. Chamberlain and Company will clutch at any straw that gives them an excuse for returning to the "policy of appeasement." If Hitler suggested a limitation or reduction of armaments, the danger would be great, for any convention for that purpose would be a fraud unless it provided for effective international control, which Hitler will never accept. No doubt Mr. Roosevelt's chief purpose was, as Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen said in their Washington Merry-Go-Round on April 14, "to push, goad, or cajole the British Empire into the realization that democracy is at stake in Europe." I do not doubt that Roosevelt has been trying to induce the British government to abandon the "policy of appeasement" and that Neville Chamberlain and his colleagues are profoundly distrusted in Washington. Your State Department is extremely well informed about the double-crossing of the ruling oligarchy in England, in spite of your Ambassador to London. That oligarchy is as hostile to the United States as it is to democracy in general.

May I be allowed in conclusion to touch on a personal matter? I was sorry that my friends of the Newspaper Guild put Sir Willmott Lewis, the Washington correspondent of the London *Times*, in a compromising position by inviting him to join the panel of questioners at my lecture in Washington on April 16. He got out of it by declining to ask any questions because I had made personal attacks on certain English and French politicians. I had and I intend to continue. The American public ought to know by what sort of men England and France are now ruled, for the question is whether those men can be trusted. Phil La Follette says no, and he is right.

Trailers Without Wheels

BY BERYL GILMAN

THE implacable enemies of housing in this country have come out of their hiding in high places to sabotage slum clearance and rehousing. They are wielding an effective weapon, for while they were pretending to favor housing they fell on a practical way of doing it damage. They can fight housing with housing.

The current strategy of the anti-housing people, never really a secret, was clearly revealed early last month when Maryland's Senator Tydings rose in the Senate to attack the United States Housing Authority and offer for comparison the notorious Fort Wayne plan. His attack, lacking logic and mismanaging facts, was subsequently annihilated by Senator Wagner's rebuttal. But it showed again that housing opposition is becoming more determined. Speaking of the United States Housing Act, Senator Tydings said: "As I see it, as the act is now written and as it is now administered, the government of the United States of America has launched upon the greatest scheme of state socialism it has ever entered into. It seems to me to be on the Russian model. In striking contrast to this venture in state socialism . . . is the story of housing carried on under private supervision in Fort Wayne, Indiana."

The Fort Wayne plan is being maneuvered into public

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view as a model housing plan. Technical publications, the newsreels, the pictorial magazines, newspapers, and housewives' publications have supported the scheme. The Federal Housing Administration has praised it as "an excellent example of worth-while local effort," and as a result of all the ballyhoo many local agencies are favoring the plan. A Municipal Housing Division has been created in the FHA to push the plan nationally.

The sponsor of the scheme, now the chairman of the Fort Wayne Housing Authority, is a Fort Wayne insurance executive, a member of the insurance-company advisory committee of the Mortgage Bankers' Association. The whole enterprise has been tackled as a problem in prefabrication and mortgaging and has subsidized a scandalous and brazen system of land speculation. The Fort Wayne Housing Authority buys vacant properties for $1 from private owners—generally properties being held for a speculative rise. With the sale price the landowner gets an option to buy back the property for the same sum after five years, and is blessed with complete exemption from all taxation as long as the authority retains title. The land speculator sees carnival days ahead. Tax free, he can sit back and wait for the boom. Normally the land speculator is forced by the pressure of taxation to build or otherwise utilize his property in order to realize some portion of his investment. But the Fort Wayne plan relieves him of that necessity. A local bank and insurance company advance the costs of the houses, the FHA insures the mortgage loans, and the WPA contributes the labor for the prefabrication and erection of the houses. The Fort Wayne Housing Authority is the owner of the development.

The houses built are shacks, though nicely painted ones. They consist of three rooms and a bathroom, with a flat roof. One large room, twenty by twelve feet, "similar to the early American farm kitchen," serves as a combination living-room, dining-room, kitchen, and storage space. The other two rooms are bedrooms, seven feet, eight inches by twelve feet each, with a small closet in each room. The large combination room has a sink and a coal or wood-burning stove for cooking and heating the entire house. There is a hot-water tank in the bathroom but no heating unit in either of the bedrooms. There is no basement or attic, no storage space, no laundry facilities, no kitchen cabinet or refrigerator.

Entirely prefabricated in a WPA factory, the houses are assembled on the site over a four-inch concrete mat poured over wire and gravel. The walls and partitions, built of plywood and filled with insulating material, are erected over the concrete carpet and tied together with steel rods. The roof panels are bolted in place, and the house is thus secured to its foundation. The actual erection of the entire house on the site takes one hour and forty minutes, and the houses have gone up at the rate of one a day.

One element of real danger in the Fort Wayne plan is that it pretends to offer $900 houses, as compared to the $3,600 units of the USHA projects. But this $900 figure is based on concealed government subsidies. WPA labor constitutes a large subsidy, and the FHA contributes financing charges and technical services. The $900 figure covers chiefly the cost of materials at the factory and conveniently ignores land costs, labor, capital charges, technical services, and so on. "When these figures are added," Senator Wagner showed, "the so-called $900 house becomes about a $2,400 unit."

This means that $2,400 is the minimum cost of a sub-standard experimental house whose durability is questionable, some of whose plywood sections have already warped, and which does not meet the minimum health requirements of the American Public Health Association. The Housing Committee of the American Federation of Labor has stated that the concrete mat is likely to be damaged by frost heavings; that mildew will be produced; that the roofs may have to be replaced in less than ten years; that the entire house is non-durable and non-fireproof, with poor resistance to weather conditions; that large replacement and repair bills will make the houses unmanageable after five years unless rents are raised.

The Fort Wayne houses are constructed with twenty-year specifications. Thus a $2,400 portable, sub-standard dwelling, whose security is never established since it is made possible only by being erected on borrowed land, runs to $120 a year. Compare this with the $3,600 sixty-year house of the USHA. Included in that figure is the best in design and materials, the most modern improvements and comforts, the cost of slum clearance (purchase of slums, land costs, demolition), and trade-union rates of pay for all work done; and the cost is $60 a year.

The total shelter rent and cost of necessary utilities—water, cooking, heating, and electricity for lighting—the A. F. of L. also showed, is $17.53 per month for the Fort Wayne houses and $12.60 per month for the USHA minimum. (Electricity and water in USHA projects are purchased wholesale and are included in the tenant's rent. In Fort Wayne the electricity and water are purchased at retail by the tenant and paid for directly by him.) Senator Wagner may well ask: "Which is the better bargain for the nation?"

The Fort Wayne plan is a plan for creating trailers without wheels. Aside from instituting an unheard-of system of land speculation by hogtying housing to it, it is a plan to obtain private profit from public subsidy. The plan clears no slums and rehabilitates no neighborhoods. It plays little or no part in the stimulation of the building industry. It creates a system whereby houses can now be dispossessed as well as tenants. Will it also grow into a plan to cheat American families out of housing?

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Chamberlain's Choice

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Paris, April 12

THE loss of lives and property in another major war might constitute a mortal blow to the present social system. The fact that the system had been responsible for, or at least failed to prevent, two armed world conflicts in twenty-five or twenty-six years would alone be enough to condemn it. This is the chief source of bourgeois pacifism. Neville Chamberlain is a good capitalist—and therefore a pacifist.

To avert war, capitalism must be international. The League of Nations was an attempt to become international. It failed because the mellowing of nationalism—some people call it decadence—in one group of countries was accompanied by a resurgence of nationalism in another.

The League of Nations was wedded to the Versailles status quo. Soviet Russia therefore stayed out. But after fascists started attacking the status quo the U. S. S. R. went in, and then, one by one, the aggressors left. Capitalist internationalism of the post-1918 period was rooted in a craving for the rigidity of World War conquests. Yet it has now survived several radical alterations of the map. The advance of totalitarian imperialism found the orthodox capitalist nations obligingly prepared to abandon the pacifism of the League for the pacifism of appeasement. Geneva internationalism was conservative; it sought to perpetuate the British and French empires. But the appeasement policy of the British and French conservative governments was an acceptance of the rise of new, competing empires. This is a startling innovation.

Appeasement is in a way altruistic. As long as fascist expansion seemed to still its hunger by devouring China, Abyssinia, Spain, Austria, and Czechoslovakia, or by moving in the direction of Siberia and the Ukraine, the old empires closed an eye or lent a hand, even though rivals were strengthened thereby. It was the unselfishness of the selfish. To oppose the fascists might mean to have to fight them, and that would be costly. To fight them might mean to destroy them, and who would take their place? But charity has limits. When charity begins to come too near home the time may be ripe for discontinuing it. The fascist imperialisms remain insatiable. Years of appeasement have made them even more insolent. How can fascist appetites now be gratified without coming too close to the holy preserves of the British and French empires?

This is the key problem facing the British and French governments. The situation is apparently more urgent than ever because the force of totalitarian expansion, hitherto regarded by fascists and many non-fascists as irresistible, appears to be approaching an object which now yells that it is immovable.

The capitalist pacifists, seeking a way out, can ponder several alternatives. They can make another effort to canalize fascist expansion. They can barter their own domains for pacific assurances or economic concessions from one or two or all three of the totalitarians. They can try to overthrow the aggressor regimes and court all the attendant risks.

The idea of trying to direct fascist aggrandizement away from the British and French empires is not new. It was one of the motives of Munich and of other diplomatic manipulations. But a careful study of the globe offers little comfort. Africa is a possibility. It has Portuguese and Belgian and even French colonies which Great Britain might be ready to give away in an emergency. Each one of these mother countries, however, has pronounced its overseas possessions inalienable.

There is also Latin America. Were it not for the United States, Britain and France might not be wholly averse to encouraging the totalitarians to hunt for new prizes in that part of the world. But the services of the great North American republic may be needed for very important tasks. Asia? Japan is taking what it can without consulting anyone, and outside of China: Turkey is not for sale, Russia and England cannot allow Persia or Afghanistan to be seized, and while the totalitarians can trouble the waters of Iraq, Palestine, and Syria they could win them only in a general mêlée. There remains the crazy continent of Europe.

Germany and Italy are pushing toward the Black, Aegean, and Baltic seas. Italy wants to dominate the Mediterranean. But command of the seas must be the avenue to new lands, and Albania, Memel, Danzig, and the rest are not enough. Nor, unless the map is further altered to the advantage of the fascists, can Germany rest secure in a "protectorate" over even the non-resistant Czechs while France is a great power or while England can still beckon little states with a golden finger.

The axis has Spain. It is open season now in the Balkans, and the little Baltic states also are troubled. In fact, every European country except Russia is today exposed to sudden aggression. The appeasers have ruined their own cause. The wisest thing would have been to sacrifice Poland and Rumania and permit a Soviet-German war, with Japan cooperating in the East. Russia

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has vast man power and endless wealth. There the fascists would find perfect territorial, economic, and ideological gratification. But even though since 1927 the Bolsheviks have been crying "Wolf, wolf," I have never agreed that the U. S. S. R. was in real peril. And now less than ever. For by a strange turn of the wheel England and France have found it necessary to guarantee the independence of Poland. That might even mean Polish territory. If a similar promise is given to Rumania—and kept—then the two Western powers will also have given security to Russia. Before the war reaches Soviet soil Britain and France are pledged to fight. This has innumerable implications, but first of all it means that the bourgeois pacifists cannot attempt a solution of Europe's problems by encouraging the totalitarians to sink their teeth into Russia. In general, the fascists are too boisterous and wilful to be canalized. The "anti-Comintern" pact is an instrument devised to wreck the British and French empires, and appeasement has not been able to deflect it.

The major issue in the forthcoming period is this: Can England and France do anything to calm the savage fascist breast? Money? They could first canvass New York and Washington and then adumbrate a plan of economic symbiosis in areas tacitly recognized as the natural spheres of fascist commercial activity—Southeastern Europe, Spain, and China. But that is hardly sufficient, and I do not see why the totalitarians should accept it. Could England and France throw all of Europe to the aggressors and wash their hands of it? But they are part of it. If Germany gets much nearer to Bagdad it would be more dangerous than in 1913: British stakes in that region are greater, and Italy this time can actively collaborate in stirring up the Near East. Will the Western countries surrender all their prestige, all buffer territories, all strategic areas, and even part of their own territory? If not, an accommodation between the aggressors and the democracies will be extremely difficult, perhaps altogether impossible. Moreover, who will guarantee that the fascists will rest content even after the French and British have made these concessions?

The fascists do not take too seriously Chamberlain's and Daladier's speeches, and think they can obtain much more. That is the dynamite in the present crisis, particularly since the strategic situation is changing in the democracies' disfavor. Although Beck got a loan and a guaranty in London, he still prefers to sit on the fence. Since the invasion of Albania, Yugoslavia is tightly held in the Italo-German pincers. Hungary is nervously cooperating in the hope of avoiding annexation. Rumania has promised to sell the produce which could rob a British naval blockade of its insidious effectiveness. Given fascist arms, Bulgaria could help keep Yugoslavia and Rumania in line and worry Turkey and Greece in the bargain. Poland, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Hungary are all exposed to attack even in peace time—there is always a national minority "yearning" for Nazi self-determination—and would certainly be occupied if they joined the Western powers.

How can these countries invite the fascist steam roller unless they have the most definite assurances that the British, French, and other governments will not let them down? There is very little chance of getting real collective security in Europe unless England or France, or perhaps Holland or Belgium, is attacked, or unless London and Paris decide that they have had enough and are ready to overthrow Hitler and Mussolini at the next act of aggression. Several Labor and trade-union leaders who saw Neville Chamberlain during the week following the swallowing of Czechoslovakia were convinced that the Prime Minister had got to a point where he felt that Hitler could no longer be tolerated in Europe. Maybe. But as long as the spirit prevailing in London and Paris makes it possible for people to say, Well, we could not have gone to war for the Sudeten province, and we cannot start a world conflagration for the sake of Albania or Memel or Danzig or Croatia or Lithuania, the fascists can still carry on. And Americans are entitled to ask, Why should we come in for Poland? The Poles can argue that they have no interest in Greece; and the Russians that they will not die for Tunis. It is collective security or fascist aggression, either all for each and each for all or chaos and defeat.

I have always held that the fascists could be stopped short of war and I have hoped that they would be. Even now economic measures could cripple their military potential. Germany and Italy are experiencing many internal troubles. But Hitler and Mussolini move from one successful coup to another. An increasing number of vital points on the new strategic map of Europe fall into their lap. They rob with impunity. If this goes on much longer they may easily conclude that it will soon be safe for them to strike the blow for world fascist supremacy.

Rudolph Kirscher writes in the *Frankfurter Zeitung,* in an obvious effort to calm the German public, that Hitler is sure "he can achieve his aim without war." That is for the Führer "the strongest driving force." Says Kirscher: "The German people know this quite well. They do not know how Adolf Hitler will carry out his plans, but they are convinced that with the idea of a genius—apparently at the last moment—Hitler will give the affair the necessary twist so that the aim can be achieved without shedding blood. The twist also gives his opponents the chance of slipping out of the danger which they themselves have created." This fairly accurate description of the Sudeten crisis may be applicable again. But there may be a mistake or an incident or a miscalculation. One of the gravest dangers is the fascist impression of the impotence, indecision, and division of the non-aggressors. And the paradox is that the non-aggressors still refuse to unite against forces that wish to

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destroy them, that are rotten within, and that are not prepared to fight a long, widespread war. They have no agreement with Russia. They allow Beck to play his own game with Hungary and Rumania, and they seem to think of guaranties as a sort of plaster to be stuck on wherever a boil appears. Perhaps the explanation is their fear lest the fascists succumb if they are hemmed in. The collapse of fascism would have serious repercussions on the entire capitalist world. So the terrible dilemma for representative capitalist minds like Chamberlain's and Bonnet's is: Shall we safeguard our empires by stopping and destroying the fascists or safeguard our social system by avoiding a war through further concessions and further vacillations? The trend, however, especially in England, is away from internationalist appeasement toward nationalist imperialism. British imperialism must conquer England before it conquers its enemies. The same applies to France.

Freedom Pavilion

BY LAURA Z. HOBSON

I GUESS I'd better tell the story of the Freedom Pavilion. It was to have been at the World's Fair: a great exhibition of the work of leading Germans thrown out of Germany for their race, religion, or politics. It was not to preach or call names, simply to "show Americans the testimony" of what a nation loses in the arts, science, medicine, education, religion, when it loses the freedom of democracy.

The plans for the pavilion—the result of many months of preparation—first became public news on January 12. They were presented to "seventy prominent citizens" at a cocktail party at the River House, arranged and presided over by Herbert Bayard Swope. On January 13 the New York *Herald Tribune* ran more than two thousand words about it. The *Times* front-paged it, too, and the other papers gave it plenty of play. The World's Fair had donated a 30,000-foot tract for it. Four days later, on January 16, the whole project was dead.

This was a mighty curious phenomenon. There has been much speculation about the reasons for it, mostly in terms of "pressure groups" and "incipient fascism" and "special interests." I can't tell the story of the Freedom Pavilion in such broad terms. I had never been active on a committee before, nor would I feel at home on a soap-box. I can only set down the testimony, can only tell the facts I know myself, and they will be facts about *people,* people acting and speaking and phoning, some people secure and confident about an idea and other people wary, worried, even frightened about it.

The polite official letters which made the death of the Freedom Pavilion public didn't appear in the press till February 2, two weeks after the *coup de grâce,* but the private obituary came to us on January 16 from Dr. Frank Kingdon, our administrative chairman, and there wasn't anything fancy in his verbiage.

"Whalen won't let us do it. They've been getting to him. He won't let us have the site."

Much of the early organization of the proposed pavilion was done before I came into the picture. The first active group included Samuel L. M. Barlow, the composer, and Ernesta Barlow, his wife, Dr. Frank Kingdon, president of Newark University, and Mrs. Sarah F. Brandes, who had a small publicity office.

On June 14, 1938, a letter was sent to Secretary Hull, signed by Oswald Garrison Villard, Mrs. Barlow, Connecticut's Wilbur L. Cross, Alvin Johnson, and Eustace Seligman of Sullivan and Cromwell: ". . . We believe that as Germany will not be represented at the Fair, an exhibition comprising the creative efforts of many of Germany's most gifted artists and scientists . . . no longer resident in Germany . . . would be welcomed by the public. . . ."

Secretary Hull's reply, dated June 24, in the stately phraseology of diplomacy ushered the idea on to its next formal step. It ended: "If, however, the enterprise is of an entirely private nature and does not in any way attempt to represent a foreign nation it would seem clear that those sponsoring the project could properly approach the New York World's Fair authorities merely as prospective exhibitors."

The World's Fair Corporation, like any other, has a board of directors, and Mrs. Brandes presented the idea to its chairman, George McAneny. He asked for copies of Mr. Hull's letter for the September 12 meeting of the board. A unanimous vote in favor of acceptance of this pavilion was reported, and Mr. McAneny arranged to have Mrs. Brandes and Leslie Baker, Director of Exhibits, visit the Fair grounds to look over sites. Lot N-14 was earmarked as most suitable.

In the meantime, through the summer and fall, another group worked endlessly on the exhibits that were to go into the pavilion. This "creative" group was a German refugee group—Catholics, Jews, Protestants, exiled or self-exiled from Nazi Germany. As work progressed, month after month, this group grew until there were nineteen subcommittees, each under the leadership

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of an expert, each charged with arranging an exhibit in some specialized field.

When the two groups were about to join forces more actively, the refugee group felt the need of having some American who might give them professional advice on the public reaction to their ideas, who might act as their "trustee" among the American members, and who was no amateur but a recognized technician in the matter of writing booklets and general promotion. One of them, Dr. Karl A. Wittfogel, the famed Orientalist, went to Thomas Mann, who sent him to Dorothy Thompson, who sent him to me, and I was in.

Soon major people from both groups formed an Administrative Committee: Dr. Kingdon, Mr. and Mrs. Barlow, Mrs. Brandes, Erika Mann, not only for herself but representing the extremely active interest of Thomas Mann, Dr. Paulus Tillich of Union Theological Seminary, Dr. Wittfogel, Dr. Max Moericke, an art expert, and myself. Others came and went as special subjects came up for discussion. Regular meetings were held at my house, those far-into-the-night, eager meetings of people who believe in an idea.

We needed a name. We needed a pamphlet, coordinating the ideas and motives into a printed thing that could be handed to people. We needed sponsors. And we needed a permanent chairman.

The Barlows and Mrs. Brandes had long before approached Herbert Bayard Swope. He was interested. He was uncertain. He was discussing it with friends. He never came to our weekly meetings. His chief point of contact with us at this period was through Mrs. Brandes, who was now serving as paid secretary.

We were working intensely. We thought up names for the pavilion by the dozen, found flaws in them all, thought up others. When we got "Freedom Pavilion" there was unanimous agreement. We hit upon an idea for a poster, and Lester Beall, award-winning art director, donated his time and talents and made a poster we were all so enthusiastic about that we took it for the cover of our pamphlet. You see it here one-quarter the size of the pamphlet. Slowly, carefully we evolved the platform stating the correlated purposes of the Freedom Pavilion, and finally we had a pamphlet which set that platform down. Equally important, it also set the "tone," the emotional climate in which the pavilion would present its ideas:

> What there will not be is the propaganda of denunciation—in the sense of burning effigies or violent exhibits. But every quiet book—every fine name on that roster—every Viennese fiddler in the cafe—the very fact that the whole undertaking is sponsored and created by groups of men and women of all politics, of all faiths, Catholics, Jews, Protestants, working together in harmony and respect—
>
> All of that will be propaganda—forthright and creative. Call it propaganda—call it human protest—call it what you will. Americans will understand it.

Then on January 9 Mr. Swope put in his first appearance at a meeting with the Administrative Committee. From Dr. Kingdon, who had recently taken over most of the job of liaison with him, we had heard of Mr. Swope's idea of a cocktail party for important people and the press. Mr. Swope was still uncertain about being permanent chairman, but he would preside at the cocktail party as temporary chairman.

Mr. Swope had indeed been active. He told us he had already invited over a hundred well-known people to the party. Telegrams of invitation, signed by himself and eleven others, had already been sent out. They asked for replies directly to him. The precise purpose of the gathering was not given: "to discuss a matter of high cultural and international importance at the World's Fair." The signatures on these telegrams were Mayor F. H. LaGuardia, Colonel Henry Breckinridge, Marshall Field, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Dr. Frank Kingdon, Robert Moses, Victor F. Ridder, Clendenin J. Ryan, Jr., Alfred E. Smith, Roger W. Straus, Owen D. Young, and Mr. Swope. (Mrs. Brandes later reported that Thomas Mann's and Dorothy Thompson's names were originally included but that Mr. Swope had removed them; she didn't know why.)

Those names on the telegram guaranteed front-page publicity. We were as one with Mr. Swope in wanting front-page publicity. We asked who the hundred were. Mr. Swope hadn't bothered to bring the list with him. He reeled off a few and they sounded fine. That was his province, and we had no reason to doubt the wisdom of his choices.

Only later did we see that the Freedom Pavilion's very existence might lie in the hands of those hundred people and that we who had worked for it for months had had no voice in the vital matter of their selection.

Then Mr. Swope settled down to "straighten some things out."

He didn't like the poster. We shouldn't use it for the pamphlet cover. It was "antagonizing." It was provocative. It was political. It would alarm people.

"Freedom Pavilion" as a name was all wrong too. It was antagonizing and provocative also. It would alarm people. He had tried it out on several of his influential friends, and they were alarmed.

His suggestion was "Old Germany." To go with it, he outlined his idea of the whole approach and contents of the pavilion—a vast panorama of old-time Germany, busts of Goethe and Beethoven and Bach, of Nietzsche and Kant—Vienna with its charm and music. The poster could carry it all out and have those famous heads fading off into the distance. The building itself, instead of the design we showed him, could be a sort of Old Heidelberg inn.

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There he sat, the Mr. Swope who would be the same Mr. Swope three days later. There he sat, urbane, charming, booming at us graciously, listening now and again to our long-developed concept of the pavilion, and then going pleasantly ahead with his own private concept of "Old Germany." Again and again he told us his friends agreed with him.

It's just possible you're asking the wrong people then," I said. And the fight was on. For we did fight him.

I never shall understand why we didn't get up then and there and say that we would take our cue about "antagonizing" and "political" from the State Department in Washington, from the speeches of the President of the United States, and not from Mr. Swope or his friends. We said it later but not then. The telegrams were out, Thursday was three days off, Mr. Swope was only temporary chairman; so instead of rejecting we tried to persuade him.

Many times we thought we had succeeded. He even agreed with our point that it was better "to alarm half the people at the cocktail party but have a chance of arousing the other half positively." He assured us, and assured us again, that he was "not known as a cautious man." His own insistence on that forced it into open discussion.

"But you do sound cautious about Freedom Pavilion," I said, "and just as our own enthusiasm seems to create enthusiasm in people we talk to, I think we're right in feeling your own diffidence can't help creating diffidence in people you talk to."

He harped so long on his influential friends who were such good judges of public reaction that I finally resorted to the same tactics and tossed big names back at him: Henry R. Luce, president of Time, Inc., and Ralph McA. Ingersoll, at that time publisher of *Time,* were supposed to be pretty acute judges of public reaction themselves and not precisely hot-headed radicals, yet they and many others had given enthusiastic praise to poster cover, name, and pamphlet. That seemed to impress Mr. Swope.

We actually thought we had won him over. He said the pamphlet should be rushed to press and handed around at the end of the cocktail party. "Freedom Pavilion" was all through the text, would set the name in everybody's mind, and that would be fine. He asked us to leave off the "antagonizing" poster cover just for Thursday, except on six or eight copies "to try out on people." After that we would undoubtedly have all the 5,000 copies of our pamphlet bound with the cover as planned.

Mr. Swope smiled himself out then, and the other members of the committee, except Dr. Kingdon, left. As Mrs. Brandes departed, she handed over a list of deletions Mr. Swope had given her, names he wished removed from the "Provisional Organizing Committee" on the last page of the pamphlet:* Sarah F. Brandes, Samuel Chotzinoff, Mrs. Charles C. Guggenheimer, George S. Hellman, Ira Hirschmann, Mrs. Moritz Rosenthal, Alvin Untermyer, Mr. and Mrs. Paul L. Wiener.

I showed Dr. Kingdon a letter Mrs. Brandes had written me on January 2: "As for the names in the pamphlet *itself . . . it* has been suggested that only the three best-known names be listed—Thomas Mann, Albert Einstein, Sigmund Freud. These are so great that the fact that two are Jewish can be discounted." (I hadn't even answered that, had merely left in the names I had originally written.) Just then Mr. Swope telephoned. He had found "five well-known writers and journalists" at home, had described the poster, had read the pamphlet aloud twice over. They were wildly enthusiastic. He said he had been needlessly fearful. He felt differently now.

Dr. Kingdon and I were vastly relieved, reassured. Front-page names and rich people *were* valuable to the Freedom Pavilion. Mr. Swope wouldn't invite people he didn't think he could count on. We put back three of the names he wanted deleted and let it go at that.

Yet for three days tension grew among us all. Everything hung on that cocktail party. Of the practical necessity of staging it none of us had any doubts. It was a necessity created, in part at least, by the baffling stalemate that had lasted for many weeks in our efforts to get financial support from interested individuals or groups. There were plenty of people warmly interested, who wanted to see this thing done, yet who did not wish to be known as the "first" to put up the money to do it. You couldn't get money from a Jewish group unless there were an equal, and simultaneously donated, amount of money from a Christian group.

There were two sizable promises: $50,000 from various Jewish donors whom we knew chiefly through Harold Guinzburg, president of Viking Press, and $50,000 from various German-American Christian donors, whom we knew chiefly through Victor F. Ridder, publisher of the *Staats-Zeitung.* The promises were friendly and firm. But they remained promises, not signed checks.

I found myself astonished that even in a non-sectarian and democratic cause there should be this racial grouping about financial support. Reasons were advanced by each side for not "underwriting" the plan apart from the other. No matter how valid and unassailable the reasons, the fact is that the delay lasted through the fall and into

* The full list of members of the committee follows: Dr. Frank Kingdon, Administrative Chairman; Hamilton Fish Armstrong, Frank Aydelotte, Mrs. Samuel L. M. Barlow, Henry Breckinridge, Nicholas Murray Butler, Henry Seidel Canby, William M. Chadbourne, Samuel Chotzinoff, Robert C. Clothier, Marc Connelly, Wilbur L. Cross, Walter Damrosch, Mrs. Henry P. Davison, Oscar W. Ehrhorn, Baron and Baroness Dahlerup, Marshall Field, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Lewis Gannett, Robert I. Gannon, S.J., Eva Gauthier, Harry F. Guggenheim, Laura Z. Hobson, Fannie Hurst, Alvin Johnson, Otto Klemperer, Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Henry Smith Leiper, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Lewisohn, Henry R. Luce, Archibald MacLeish, Thomas Mann, Henry Morgenthau, Robert Moses, Condé Nast, Mrs. Edgerton Parsons, Victor F. Ridder, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rockmore, Clendenin J. Ryan, Jr., Eustace Seligman, Alfred E. Smith, Roger W. Straus, Dorothy Thompson, Paul Tillich, Oswald Garrison Villard, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Wharton, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lester Wiener, E. Graham Wilson, Matthew Woll, Owen D. Young, Herbert Bayard Swope.

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January. With $50,000 or $100,000 in the bank and spades digging into our tract at the World's Fair, there might never have been the need for a device to enlist public financial support promptly. But we didn't have the money in the bank.

So we had the cocktail party. In the audience sat men and women representing corporations whose total assets ran into hundreds of millions of dollars, and whose personal wealth wasn't peanuts either. They all believed in democracy: they could be made to feel that the Freedom Pavilion would magnificently symbolize that belief before the world. To make them feel that was the object of the cocktail party.

Mr. Swope rose to his feet and smiled benignly. It was the Mr. Swope of the Monday meeting, urbane and cautious. His opening remarks avoided calling the Freedom Pavilion by name. Properly enough leaving full explanations to Dr. Kingdon, Mr. Swope did venture the following on his own account: "The root of the idea is to indicate the enormous part she [Germany] played in the progress of civilization and the betterment of humanity; a Germany that had so conspicuous a part in preserving the continuity of history."

Never throughout the entire meeting did Mr. Swope mention Hitler or fascism, no word about freedom of thought, study, speech, worship. The nearest approach was: "There is a sense of resentment that occasionally manifests itself against certain activities of the existing government of Germany that has been displayed even against the Germans in America."

That is not set down from memory, long as I shall cherish it. It is taken from the official stenographic record of the proceedings at the party. So is every quoted excerpt that follows below.

Mr. Swope graciously introduced Dr. Kingdon, who spoke frankly of "the fight men are making for freedom"; who said he saw the pavilion as an "encouragement to every free German spirit that, anywhere in the world, is trying to keep burning the old flame of German idealism and of German accomplishment"; who said, "This pavilion seems to me to be a symbol of that unity of understanding that exists among free men . . . in the world of tomorrow it is the free Germany that is going to take its place."

As he went on outlining the plan of the Freedom Pavilion, there was an awakening of response, there were interruptions of applause. But then Mr. Swope took the floor again, and so did the tentative note. He tossed aside the six months of collective work that fifty able people had already done: "There is one thought I should like to elaborate and perhaps disagree on . . there is nothing final in the formulae that have been discussed up to the present . . . these are points of discussion from which it is hoped that each and all of you may bring about improvements in the main theme."

The next speech was by Victor F. Ridder, whose *Staats-Zeitung* until the day before had been acceptable in Germany, and which still carries Germany's official "Trans-Ocean" press releases. He spoke for the German-American point of view: "I hope . . . to contact those German-American societies, organizations, those groups of men who have been fighting so hard in the last five years to hold their balance under the most difficult conditions, and say to them that this is something that belongs to them in a particular way."

Mr. Swope rose to introduce the next scheduled speaker. Instead he unexpectedly said: "Before going any further, I think that perhaps this meeting should pay tribute, willingly and gladly"—and called upon Monsignor Michael J. Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's.

I do not know just why Mr. Swope suddenly decided to call on a non-scheduled speaker from the floor. Or, so deciding, why he didn't light on Hamilton Fish Armstrong, say, or Fannie Hurst or Lewis Gannett.

But Mr. Swope did so decide, and the eighty-two-year-old Monsignor Lavelle rose: ". . . I don't think I would care to vote for anything that would be likely to provoke trouble or get us into war. It was a side issue altogether that brought us into the last one . . . I may be overtimorous, if you will, but we don't want to do anything that is going to provoke a conflict. . . . I don't want to throw cold water on the movement, especially when I

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see my friend Ridder up there, and Governor Smith, the old Happy Warrior. [Laughter.] But . . . as a kind of warning which comes to myself . . . I beg of you to be careful not to do anything that would provoke or bring us into trouble. . . . Some of the smallest things have caused war between nations."

Mr. Swope was on his feet: "I think we are very glad to have that attitude presented. It is precisely with that hope in mind that this meeting was called. There was no prearrangement, no caucus, with the view that this enterprise shall take one fixed course. . . . Instead of regarding it as cold water that the Monsignor has thrown, I think it a very sound caution. . . . I share his attitude precisely. . . . This enterprise would be completely empty if it were even remotely to inflame a warlike spirit. . . ."

The rest of the meeting had no warlike spirit, that's certain. Al Smith fanned a bit of life up into being, and then, presumably, remembered: "Probably if I had any individual opinion about it, I would be willing to go to the limit, but perhaps that may not be the best thing to do under the circumstances, because there is a note of warning coming from a great experience in Monsignor Lavelle's remarks, that it is very easy to disturb rulers, particularly dictators."

There were brief speeches by Byrnes MacDonald, representing Mayor LaGuardia, and by Stephen S. Voorhees, representing Grover Whalen; then Mrs. Walter Damrosch, from the floor, asked, "What is it proposed to call the exhibition?"

Chairman Swope: "The name is not final . . . hit upon the name of Freedom Pavilion, but on that point each will have a right to make an expression of opinion . . . as I say, the name is not final . . . Freedom Pavilion; Germany Yesterday—Germany Tomorrow."

Mrs. Damrosch: "That would support Monsignor Lavelle's idea that it would be exceedingly antagonistic toward a country with whom we are at the moment at peace."

Chairman Swope: "You think Freedom Pavilion carries that connotation?"

Mrs. Damrosch: "No, but I think Germany of Tomorrow carries it."

There remained then only one or two brief speeches from the floor, one an urgent appeal for financial support from Samuel Barlow, which appeal Mr. Swope hurriedly disowned: ". . . there was no desire nor shall there be any excuse for the idea of putting your name down for any commitment at all—other opportunities will be given to all of you to make yourselves manifest." Then came the formalities of the "unanimous" vote in favor of the project, the announcement from Mr. Swope that he would not be permanent chairman, the handing out of the coverless pamphlets; and the cocktail party was over.

Dr. Tillich turned to me: "We are finished. Freedom Pavilion is done."

Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr said: "How can you fight for democracy without fighting?"

Erika Mann said: "But *why* did Swope suddenly call on Lavelle, who would surely kill this?"

In the corners of the room two meetings were called for the next day. One was a conference of war for late afternoon among Erika Mann, Dr. Tillich, Dr. Wittfogel, and myself. The other was a luncheon meeting to decide whom to invite to the permanent executive chairmanship, and to have Mr. Swope's report on reactions from his friends at the cocktail party. Privately Dr. Kingdon, Harold Guinzburg, and I met before going to Mr. Swope's office and decided that in asking anybody for sponsorship or money, the platform would have to be the printed pamphlet and nothing else.

We discussed possible candidates for chairman as we waited for Mr. Swope in his office, its walls swarming with autographed photographs of the great. Mr. Swope arrived. The big newspaper stories of the morning had headlined Monsignor Lavelle's warnings, and Mr. Swope announced that his canvassing by telephone had uncovered only depressing reactions. "I've been in constant touch since last night with Al Smith and Helen Reid and Grover Whalen. They think this will make trouble. Bobby Lehman's against it. The Fifth Avenue store crowd is against it—Walter Hoving and everybody. The World's Fair is supposed to be a pleasure place—controversial stuff's bad."

At luncheon in the Rainbow Room Mr. Swope offered his two suggestions for permanent chairman. One was Victor F. Ridder, whom Mr. Swope had introduced yesterday as "an ardent and devout Catholic" and who had himself said from the platform, "As long as we have a guide in New York City like Monsignor Lavelle, we are all right." We three voted that down.

Then came the other nomination—Thomas J. Watson, president of the International Chamber of Commerce and of International Business Machines, Inc., a visitor to Germany in 1937, who, as every newspaper morgue in the land will reveal, was "the first American to receive the decoration by Hitler, created May 1, 1937, for foreign nationals who have made themselves deserving of the Third Reich."

Mr. Swope received our angry rejection as if it were the most boring bit of hair-splitting. "I knew you'd bring that up," he said wearily, and went on with his reports. Ridder had called to say that the promise of $50,000 from his German-American group had been provisional and contingent on many things, which was perfectly true. Now his group was highly dubious.

There was nothing dubious about the meeting between Erika Mann, Dr. Wittfogel, Dr. Tillich, and myself

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later that day. I shall never forget those three faces when I told them of the suggestion to have a Hitler-decorated chairman. It was a meeting full of plans to find new support, new money. Dr. Kingdon reported then that he had remained with Mr. Swope all afternoon, while the telephone canvassing went on. "Inertia" was the best thing Mr. Swope could report. The worst was downright opposition.

The week-end that ensued was incredible. Rumors and reports came in every five minutes. Dr. Kingdon and Mr. Guinzburg were in constant touch with Mr. Swope, either at his office or by phone. According to him people were telephoning the World's Fair authorities. Everybody was alarmed; Grover Whalen was going to withdraw official permission—and the site.

Mr. Barlow and I hurriedly got introductions to Dr. Frank Monaghan of Yale, Director of Research of the World's Fair. We called on him, enlisted his sympathies and his promise to do everything he could. He phoned me at eleven that evening. "Whalen's astonished. There isn't a word of truth in the report—he hasn't the slightest intention of withdrawing permission or the site."

Nineteen hours later Dr. Kingdon uttered the private obituary to the whole committee. "Whalen won't let us do it. They've been getting to him. He won't let us have the site."

Grover Whalen now said that the World's Fair Executive Committee, a separate body from the Board of Directors, stated that "the matter had never come to them." Grover Whalen also said that "the plan had never been presented to him." Stenotyped records can be irritating, of course, but there is that 500-word speech of Mr. Voorhees, who was "good enough to consent to speak for Mr. Grover Whalen," and who had started by saying, "I think the message of Mr. Whalen has already been incorporated and already stated in the happy reception of the suggestion of a building on German culture." There were Mr. Voorhees's minute descriptions of the excellent tract of land and his message from "the management men" urging us to begin actual construction at once.

Even more irritating, I should think, would be any impertinent questions about how 30,000-foot tracts could be handed out at the World's Fair without the knowledge of the Executive Committee or Mr. Whalen.

But now we had no tract. Grover Whalen's veto was a final veto.

What had happened? I cannot answer. I can, however, set down Mr. Swope's own notations on how some of the most important people at the cocktail party voted during the three days that followed it. I take these from a document prepared at his office. It says: "It must be understood that not a word of this is to be let out until the official report is published." It is topped by the modest title: "Attitudes of Those Who Are in Position of Responsibility with Reference to the Prosecution of the Plan." Part of the document follows:

> Of those signing the invitations, the following counsel postponement, if not abandonment, of the enterprise: Colonel Henry Breckenridge, Marshall Field, Commissioner Robert Moses, Alfred E. Smith, Owen D. Young.
>
> Of the provisional committee, those who are dubious are: Mrs. Walter Damrosch, Baroness Dahlerup, Father R. I. Gannon, Ambassador Guggenheim, Condé Nast, Henry Morgenthau.
>
> Of those at the meeting, all of whom were to become members of the sponsoring committee, the following have expressed doubt or opposition: L. M. Boomer, Trubee Davison, Walter Hoving, Robert Lehman, Westbrook Pegler, James Speyer, Thomas J. Watson, Lucius Wilmerding, Monsignor Lavelle, Mrs. Ogden Reid.
>
> Additionally, the following who were invited are included in opposition: Roy Howard, Eugene Meyer.
>
> . . . the State Department, through the Third Assistant Secretary of State, has expressed its disapproval, apparently not knowing of the indorsement which Secretary Hull is credited with having given.
>
> Finally, the World's Fair, expressing its opinion through Harvey Gibson, chairman of the Executive Committee, and directly through Grover Whalen, is unfavorably disposed.

We didn't know all this at our last official meeting. Dr. Kingdon reported as many "reactions" as he knew about. But it no longer mattered. Grover Whalen's veto was a final veto.

There remained the official exchange of letters. We had to decide about them then and there, in the midst of that first consternation at the sudden and complete collapse of the Freedom Pavilion. Here I think that the committee, all of us except Erika Mann, who was absent, made a serious blunder. Dr. Kingdon read us drafts of the proposed letters, and we accepted them. One was from Grover Whalen, full of official phrases about pressure of time and "our policy to have every single feature ready on or before April 30." The other was the committee's answer, to be signed by Dr. Kingdon. This was also full of official phrases about "postponement," "pressure of time," and the like.

The Nazi press had already screamed its usual screams about a "Pavilion of Jewish Jetsam," and it would as promptly gloat over this failure as official proof that America wouldn't support this "work of Jewish emigrants." So we voted—all of us—for sending those face-saving letters.

We came out of that weak-minded fog in the next few days. Mr. Barlow, Erika Mann, and others went to Washington, armed with copies of the pamphlet (complete with poster cover), left copies, and talked with people in high and highest places. They came back with

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promises of impressive support. We got going all over again. Thomas Mann gave his own money to keep a small office open for the exhibit committees. Erika Mann had been advised in Washington about whom to invite to the new chairmanship, and she started to work on that basic problem at once. We felt confident that once that matter was settled, we could straighten out the Assistant Secretary's confusion, could go to Grover Whalen with this really big-time backing and re-persuade him, could pay for our own site if necessary, could have Freedom Pavilion in spite of everything that had happened.

Ignoring the old stalemate difficulty, two of us went to Harold Guinzburg. We were armed with smallish promises from Christian donors and we urged him to try for immediate action on the old $50,000 promise. He warmly agreed to try.

We felt that extraordinary efforts at secrecy about these new measures were necessary. We were determined not to let premature reports of them get to Grover Whalen, Herbert Bayard Swope, or anybody else who had been fearful or hostile. We talked only with the people to whom it was essential we should talk.

On January 26 I wrote Dr. Kingdon: "Swope called me last night to say that the exchange of letters was now ready for publication, and asked me whether I thought this should be released to the press or simply withheld in the hope that everybody would forget all about it. I stalled; told him I'd like to see carbons of the actual letters in final form."

On January 27, with a meeting in progress at my house, I called Mr. Swope. I asked for his promise, which he gave clearly, definitely, and freely, that the letters would not be released to the press at any time without giving the entire committee a chance to reconsider the complex problem of that release.

But on January 30 Mr. Swope sent a letter to Mrs. Brandes, who was still at our office winding up its affairs. The letter, signed by his secretary, opened: "Mr. Swope suggests that a note along the lines of the following should accompany the letters you are sending out to the list of those who signed the invitation, those who attended the meeting, and those who declined sympathetically."

Mrs. Brandes did not inform anybody of this order. She simply carried out Mr. Swope's directions. The official letters went out—about a hundred of them. With them went the last chance, of course, of public belief in or public support for the Freedom Pavilion.

No one can say that Mr. Swope broke his promise. He did not release the letters to "the press." They were sent only to Helen Reid, Roy Howard, and a hundred other "influential people." Next morning the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* and the others announced that the Freedom Pavilion was abandoned. It was openly, publicly, officially dead. In a democracy.

Pocket Guide

"GELATIN for Muscle," says *Newsweek*. "Gelatin for Pep," says *Time*. "The energy food in the news was Knox Gelatine," say the ads.

What's all this about? It appears that after several years of intensive investigation the Knox Gelatine people have discovered that several packages a day supply "a new, quick source of muscular energy."

Knox Gelatine has always been advertised in a sensible, dignified, and honest fashion. It's too bad to see it slip into methods that have a patent-medicine sound. It's a good food. How good a medicine it is remains to be seen.

An important ingredient of gelatin is glycine. Two years ago Squibb began to sell glycine as a muscle stimulant, advertising it only to doctors. But getting your medicine from the grocery shelf is more appealing than getting it from the drug counter. So in the last few weeks the public has hurried to the grocer for incredible quantities of Knox Gelatine.

Glycine is easier to take. To drink down two packages of gelatin a day, dissolved in water, is pretty stiff going. It doesn't taste any too good, though it is not so bad in fruit juices. Glycine, however, comes either in tablets or as an elixir and is taken like any other medicine. But will either glycine or gelatin do the trick?

The overworked human race is always looking for a pick-me-up. Hegel wrote on sugar water. The Scotch Highlanders keep going on oatmeal and whiskey; the Canadian guides on strong tea. Mountain climbers often carry chocolate. During the war a German biochemist, Embden, made some experiments that seemed to show that phosphoric acid is important for muscular work. It was easy to test; there were plenty of human guinea pigs in the trenches. Before going over the top certain men were given a drink of sodium phosphate. Other soldiers, the "controls," didn't get any. The phosphate worked wonders. The men who drank it came back from no man's land far less tired than the "controls." The Germans were jubilant. Here was another discovery to win the war. For more than ten years "Acid Sodium Phosphate Embden" was a favorite pick-me-up.

The fad didn't last long in the United States. The coming of vitamins and the excitement over the glands crowded it out. But the scientists kept on with their researches into the chemistry of muscular movement, or, as they call it, muscle metabolism. Phosphoric acid stayed in the lead as a muscular stimulant. In 1927 it began to look as if there were another compound of phosphoric acid in muscles, a compound formed with creatine. It is this creatine which is indirectly responsible for the vogue of granulated gelatin. As soon as the importance of phosphocreatine for muscular metabolism was recognized, glycine, as a likely source of it, came to the front. But the formation of creatine from glycine hasn't been proved. There is considerable doubt about it among scientists. And suppose creatine does come from glycine. Will glycine either as a medicine or in gelatin give you muscular energy?

Investigations have been steadily carried on, but without any final authoritative result. A majority of the reports indicate that glycine helps in slight cases of lassitude and in-

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explicable fatigue. But for severe muscular fatigue favorable reports are in the minority.

The best that can be said at present is that experience shows that if you tire easily, have no appetite, and are under weight you may profit by taking glycine—or, if you prefer, Knox Gelatine. If you decide to take Knox Gelatine, it would be a good thing to remember certain disadvantages. The dose suggested is an ounce of raw gelatin every day for a few weeks, followed by half an ounce a day for an indefinite period. Less than a quarter of gelatin is glycine. But gelatin contains protein, and you may get too much protein by taking it in this form. Moreover, gelatin swells in water, and it may do the same thing in the stomach. A great deal of it may make you uncomfortable. One research man has said that gelatin in the stomach helps to reduce excess acidity, because of its tendency to absorb the gastric secretions. But what about the people with too little gastric secretion?

Diabetics and near-diabetics should not use gelatin for this purpose at all. If they try it they'll soon find out that instead of more energy they have less, because they are adding to their total carbohydrate allowance.

Tests have shown that women's muscles are not affected by gelatin. And the normal individual who doesn't go in for vigorous athletic activities doesn't need any excess creatine. We obtain phosphoric acid, glycine, and creatine from the food we eat. Besides, it has been shown that even if food contains no glycine, the body can manufacture the amount it needs.

It is yet to be substantiated that to be effective as a muscle energizer gelatin has to be taken unflavored and unsweetened. It is not true, in any case, that Knox is the only unsweetened, unflavored powdered gelatin.

You can imagine the annoyance over this new function of gelatin on the part of the big advertisers who have spent fortunes in pushing their flavored and sweetened products—like Jello and Royal Gelatine. There may be some trouble on that front yet.

HELEN WOODWARD

In the Wind

ALTHOUGH THE National Labor Relations Board hearings on charges of anti-union policies brought against the New York *Times* have been progressing for many weeks, only the radical and labor papers have reported them; the major dailies have maintained an almost unbroken silence. Thus there wasn't much publicity for a bit of dialogue between an NLRB attorney and the *Times's* managing editor, Edwin L. James. The attorney asked James if he knew who Pearl Bergoff, notorious strike-breaking agent, was. James shook his head. "I can't identify that Russian name," said the managing editor of the *Times*.

WHEN AMERICAN Nazi organizations staged an exposition at New York's Grand Central Palace recently, the banner of the "Protestant War Veterans," a new pro-fascist group, hung beside the swastika. Samuel Robbins, chairman of the Council of United States Veterans, wrote to Edward J. Smythe, chief of the Protestant Veterans, asking whether the banner indicated approval of Nazi policies. Smythe replied that he had been shocked to find the banner hanging there, and on investigating had discovered that some "old ladies" affiliated with his group had in fact been picketing the exhibit. It was raining at the time and their banners got wet; so they took them inside and hung them beside the swastika to dry.

ON HIS visit to America last year Count Aisuke Kabayama tried without much success to influence American opinion in favor of Japan. Now, back in Tokyo, he is wooing American business in an effort to revive Japanese-American trade. The most recent of his overtures was a dinner given in Tokyo to honor four influential American business men. The guests, who were deluged with pleas for "harmonious trade relations" despite the China "incident," were Lawrence Hartman, of the Portland (Ore.) Foreign Trade Association, Charles Page, vice-president and general manager of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, Christy Thomas, vice-president and general manager of the Seattle chamber, and George L. Eastman, president of the Los Angeles chamber.

WHILE THE movie industry's million-dollar promotion drive—"Movies Are Your Best Entertainment"—publicly ended some time ago, Hollywood is still assessing the results. *Variety* reports two major and contradictory effects. On the positive side, "It turned newspaper blasts into puff editorials and a more constructive handling of film news"—of course this objective was vigorously and publicly denied when the drive started; on the negative side, "It made cinema audiences quality conscious, adding to the number of self-appointed critics in the theater."

AN ADVERTISEMENT for a London apartment facing Regent Square claims this asset: "a specially constructed blast- and gas-proof air-raid shelter in this building, believed to be the most up to date in existence."

DESPITE HIS refusal to affirm or deny the reports, there is good foundation for the story that Columnist Heywood Broun has been converted to Catholicism. He has actually conferred with high Catholic officials and received assurances that his political opinions will not stand in the way of his admission to the church.

PUBLISHERS OF "Bender's Consolidated Statutory Index," a series of volumes covering the New York statutory system, labeled their first volume with an unintended prophecy. It is marked: "ABANDONMENT–CZECHOSLOVAKIA."

IN THE effort to maintain ideological consistency fascist groups get into weird positions. Thus the *Defender*, Gerald Winrod's "anti-red, anti-Jewish" sheet, raps the *Saturday Evening Post* for saying that Jews have fared as badly in Russia as in Germany. To the anti-Semitic *Defender* this is Russian propaganda, "flatly contradicted by the fact that it has been a crime punishable by death for the last twenty-one years to criticize members of the Jewish race in Russia."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. The $5 prize for the best item received during April goes to Sherman Taylor of Bethesda, Maryland, for the item about the Nationalist Publishing Company published last week.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Our One-Sided Labor Act

BY I. F. STONE

A BARRAGE of propaganda has made two accusations against the Wagner Act as familiar as vitamins or free wheeling. The first is that the law is one-sided. This happens to be true, just as it is true that street-lighting arrangements are one-sided because the lights go on only at night. The statute forbids an employer to interfere with an employee's right to join a labor union, but—strange oversight—imposes no penalty on the worker who interferes with his boss's right to join a chamber of commerce.

The other accusation happens to be untrue, but it stems from such a mixture of half-truths, misconceptions, and schoolboy tags that it is harder to disentangle the error. There is first of all the school-civics theory that ours is a government of checks and balances. This is intellectual shorthand for the idea that freedom can only be preserved under a system of government by mutual suspicion, with executive, legislative, and judicial branches firmly separated and eyeing one another like watchdogs. Vaguely linked with this is the axiomatic wickedness of a man's acting as judge in his own case. The board is pictured as not only judge in its own cases but as at the same time policeman and prosecutor; therefore as operating without "checks and balances" and consequently being "un-American."

There is no need at this time to sift out the true from the false in this compote, or to determine how much of it is due to the fact that 40,000,000 seventeenth-century Frenchmen looking at England through the eyes of Montesquieu could be wrong. The author of "L'Esprit des Lois" saw separation of powers in an England that was actually preserving its liberties by legislative supremacy. It is easier to note that if this charge against the Labor Board is true, it is equally true as regards the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, and other administrative agencies. To meet this difficulty a new theory has therefore been placed in circulation. Colonel Henry L. Stimson explained in a letter to the New York *Times* that the administrative process works well in the case of such agencies as the ICC and the FTC because they protect "all" the people. But he asserted that it could not work fairly in the field of labor relations because the Wagner Act was "class" legislation, designed merely to protect workers and dealing with matters full of "emotional dynamite" and "class feeling."

Surely if ever there was an issue full of "emotional dynamite" and "class feeling" it is to be found in the fight of the farmers for the ICC to protect them against the railroads, and in the fight of little business for the FTC and the Clayton Act to protect it against big business. A Labor Board research man has dug up some illuminating material in reply to Colonel Stimson. "We farmers in our part of the country," one of the witnesses at the hearings which led to the establishment of the ICC declared, "think we are being systematically pillaged. . . . A commission must be created to end the abuses which produce a privileged class, and are not in harmony with the spirit of our institutions." The president of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad spoke in the same terms for the opposition. "To constitute special courts to adjudicate railroad questions," he said, "would be class legislation." "Distinctly class legislation," was the protest of the National Association of Clothiers against the Federal Trade Commission Act. "The whole thing is against big business," the Chamber of Commerce objected in New York. "The only people who have any standing there [in Congress] today are the farmers and the working man."

Only in a limited sense is it true that the Labor Board acts as policeman, prosecutor, and judge. Its subpoenas cannot be enforced without first being submitted to the scrutiny of a District Court. Its decisions are enforceable only on order of a Circuit Court of Appeals. But this is not the only sense in which one must qualify the picture of the board's triple function. Walter Gellhorn and Seymour L. Linfield analyze its work in a comprehensive study made for the Commonwealth Fund and published in the March issue of the *Columbia Law Review*. They conclude that "one may conservatively insist that the board has made a largely successful effort to perform a difficult assignment by a procedure which, while minimizing the chance of mistake, fully preserves the basic values of traditional judicial processes." One of the points on which they dwell is the way the board actually handles its cases. An investigation is first made by the Field Examiner and the Regional Director. Whether a complaint shall issue is finally determined by the board at Washington. If a complaint is issued, the case is heard by a trial examiner chosen not by the board itself but by the Chief Trial Examiner. "Not only does the Trial Examiner have no immediate connection with the board itself," Gellhorn and Linfield write; "he does not even have contact with any of the regional offices or officers, for he is assigned from Washington, travels in circuit, and does not meet with any member of the regional staff in regard to the hearing. He is never assigned at the request or recommendation of the Regional Director or Regional Attorney. . . . The relations between the board's examiners and its attorneys are ordinarily not sharply different from those existing between many district judges and U. S. attorneys."

In most cases the board finds it possible to achieve a settlement informally without the need for the issuance of a complaint. Walter Lippmann, who has a gift for making the untrue seem the obvious, worked himself into an interesting bit of misrepresentation in a recent column on "The Alleged Labor Relations Board." "Surely the object of government intervention in labor disputes," Mr. Lippmann said, "must be to promote peace and justice. But the National Labor Relations Board is not required or *even allowed* [my italics] to work either for peace or justice." The fact is that 95 per cent of the disputes which come to the board are settled without formal hearings. As for promoting peace and justice, the board's figures are illuminating. From 1936 to the spring of 1937 there were 3,200 strikes involving 1,287,000 men, but only 1,800 cases, involving 677,000 men, were brought before the board. This proportion was reversed after the Supreme Court held the Wagner Act constitutional and thereby gave assurance that the board's orders could be enforced. From April, 1937, to September, 1938, there were 5,500 strikes, affecting 1,894,000 employees. But in 6,150 cases, involving 3,208,000 employees, workers chose to go to the board instead of striking. We pass the figures on to Mr. Lippmann.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

We Can Keep Out of War

Lincoln, Nebraska, April 17

OUT here in the Middle West I find many applauding the President's magnificent message to Hitler and Mussolini, but then adding: "However, if his appeal fails, won't it make people say that there is nothing left but war, and if war comes, shall we not inevitably be drawn into it?" To this my reply is emphatic. We *can* keep out of war if we make up our minds to do so, if we compel the President to stay out of war. He declared at Chautauqua that any President could put us into war no matter what laws were on the statute books unless he were confronted with a country so peace-minded that he could not yield to any temptation to go in. That is the challenge before us. If the country presents a united front to the President, he is bound to listen to its wishes. Today the bulk of the people are overwhelmingly opposed to war. I find evidences of that everywhere out here.

I know that some of the polls recently summarized in *Life* present evidence that is at points against this opinion of mine. I know of an increased vote for sending troops to help Britain and France fight Germany and Italy; I know that 82 per cent favored sending food to the Allies and that 66 per cent would sell them arms. I can only report that everything I hear and see in this section of the country points to an overwhelming wish not to repeat our experience in the World War, not to sacrifice more men, more treasure, and court still further economic disaster. One of the most extraordinary signs of this is the attitude of the Chicago *Tribune*. During the years leading up to the last war the *Tribune* was one of the most violent denouncers of those who dared to say that the United States ought not to go to war—they were traitors, cowards, pacifists, little Americans. Today it is taking exactly the position of those whom it denounced. It is absolutely opposed to our going to the aid of England and France, particularly of England. Recently it declared that Franklin Roosevelt was going exactly the way of Woodrow Wilson: "Mr. Wilson played the same kind of game and wrote better notes. They cost us 50,000 American lives and 20 billion dollars of debt; instead of saving the world for democracy we laid the foundation for the most ruthless absolutisms which Europe has known in 500 years and for the worldwide economic depression from which we suffer today. Mr. Roosevelt may have better luck with his correspondence, but the risk is appalling."

The *Tribune* also took Mr. Stimson "for a ride" on his statement before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. When he was asked by Senator Reynolds if Hitler and Mussolini were not doing now just what Great Britain and France had done on a grander scale, Mr. Stimson replied: "You are going pretty far back into history." The *Tribune* scathingly retorts that since Mr. Stimson was nineteen years old England has conquered Nigeria, Somaliland, British East Africa (now Kenya), Nyasaland, Uganda, the Boer republics, and the Sudan (now turned over to Egypt). And Mr. Stimson was only twenty years old when the French seized Annam, Tonkin, and Laos. In his lifetime the French have also grabbed Tunis and Madagascar, Djibouti and Dahomey, to say nothing of Morocco. The *Tribune* pounds away day after day against those who would put us into war again.

There are other and better papers which are similarly outspoken. The Minneapolis *Star* declares that it is the people's "widespread desire that every possible means be used to keep the United States free of the European mess, whatever catastrophe it brews." It says that history may show that the President is pursuing the right path to that end, but it declares that "what we do know is that he is taking the American people faster toward what appears involvement than most Americans want to go." In Omaha the *World-Herald*, founded by Senator G. M. Hitchcock, who was a spokesman for Woodrow Wilson, carries today on its first page fifteen extracts from letters received by Senator Burke demanding that this country be kept out of war, all written by Nebraskans; and it adds that Senator Burke is getting them at the rate of one hundred a day. The *World-Herald* heartily approves of the President's appeal to Hitler, declaring editorially that the people of America want peace. The St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* says the same.

Of course there will be a tremendous appeal to our sympathies if London is bombed and thousands of its inhabitants killed. Still, we can stay out of it. One cannot look at this peaceful section out here and doubt that its people will remain firm in their refusal to send their sons abroad again. That does not mean that they cannot be overridden in Washington, that President Roosevelt may not lose his head and rush us into war. Everyone who desires peace must bear his Chautauqua speech in mind and focus such a fire upon the President, as well as upon Senators like Mr. Burke, that he will not be in doubt for one moment as to what the vast majority of his fellow-citizens want him to do.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

"SCIENTIFIC HUMANISM"

BY JACQUES BARZUN

THE term "scientific humanism" seems to be gaining ground as a rallying cry among educated liberals and socialists, who agree that intelligence and not force is the only hope of the world. It is an inspiriting slogan if only because it seems to make the best of two worlds both equally attractive. But is it not also possible that the two worlds indicated by the two words in the phrase occur there in a topsy-turvy relation which conceals a denial of intelligent social action? The answer hinges upon the word "scientific," which may mean either the use of science by humanists or the control of humanistic endeavor by scientists.

Some weeks ago in *The Nation,* Mr. Lancelot Hogben, whose authority and intelligence command respect, described what he understands by scientific humanism, summing it up in three articles of faith which are at the same time proposals for action: (1) transforming society so as to replace private profit by the satisfaction of common human needs; (2) seeking scientific knowledge about common human satisfactions in order to plan intelligently; and (3) promoting social evolution by immediate educational reforms "which will entail the teaching of science with much greater attention to its social implications, and of the humanities in conformity with the scientific outlook."

At first blush what could be more reasonable than Mr. Hogben's program? To one who is, like the present writer, engaged in teaching the humanities and who feels that education is a means of social reform, scientific humanism appears to guarantee peace, evolution, socialism, and culture under the aegis of science. Science is here both method and standard of action, and everybody nowadays is on the side of science. If we apply Mr. Hogben's system, the objector or obstructionist can be answered with an irrefutable "Science teaches that, etc. . . ." and he will find very few to back him.

But what does it really mean to teach the humanities in conformity with science? The bare statement is on the face of it suspicious: it suggests making what is human subserve what is scientific. At the same time, the conjoined "social implications" of science, which must also be taught, suggest inevitable consequences following from the self-directed march of an impersonal goddess, Science. How do these two notions, absolutist and mechanical as they are, fit in with the primary one of an improved—because planned—society?

So strongly are we convinced of the absolute rightness of science that we never ask why it is that Mr. Hogben and those who share his views always speak of educating and planning in conformity with the scientific outlook, and never offer us the services of science to be used in conformity with the dictates of the humanities. The difference is not one of mere wording or emphasis; it is a practical difference. Translated into political terms for a democracy, the issue raised by scientific humanism is ultimately, Who shall legislate—the people, ignorant and respectful of science, or science itself, which means in fact the scientists, with their specialized outlook and generally jaunty self-confidence?

Some scientists, it is true, are genuinely tentative. Mr. Hogben, for instance, wants to find out scientifically what common human needs and their satisfactions are. But is that part of the social problem? Mr. Hogben assumes not only that science can positively ascertain what human needs are but that they are there to be ascertained. On this point Voltaire raised a serious doubt when he said, *Le superflu, chose très nécessaire,* but I should like to go farther and hazard the seeming paradox that there are no common human needs except such as we arbitrarily—or democratically—decide upon. History shows that mankind can be starved, enslaved, beaten, raped, bullied, and brutalized, and go on as merrily as before. Any argument against these proceedings must therefore be an a priori moral or aesthetic argument that can never have an absolute basis in science or anywhere else.

Again, one notes that the scientific part of scientific reform is always a product of the future. Present-day science is a guide only to our manual operations—making aluminum out of clay, as Mr. Hogben suggests, or growing tomatoes in a tank instead of a garden. But in matters of human choice—marriage, career, philosophy, interior decoration, or diet—science settles no problems automatically. People must be coerced or cajoled into obeying its dictates. Social improvement under the aegis of science is consequently another absolute dogmatism, at once well-intentioned and largely irresponsible. The scientific impulse to which we owe so much that is good is fundamentally that of trying everything. It should have freedom,

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but on the same terms as any other valuable impulse, that is, under social control. Anyone familiar with the way in which the poor in clinics and the young in schools are used as guinea pigs will see what is involved in an extension of the habit. And the assurance, "It's all right, it's scientific," will weigh little with those who remember that the history of the sciences dealing with man, from medicine to psychology and from pedagogy to dietetics, has been a succession of theories tried out on the dog and continually replaced by new ones equally "scientific" so far as origin, backing, and confident dogmatism were concerned.

As for social implications, they also have been taught as dogma, and with perfect sincerity, in the shape of classical (Newtonian) economics or of evolutionary (Darwinian) sociology. We deplore and deride the results today, but we forget that our discarding of past errors is no guaranty that we have at last caught social truth around the midriff. For his own part, Mr. Hogben thoughtfully reverts to some of the teachings of the utopian socialists as against the large-scale absolute determinists of the neo-Marxian era. Is he not thereby showing us that we must carefully distinguish between an intelligent choice made in the light of available fact and an acceptance of the temporarily dominant theories which researchers of every kind promulgate as the findings of science?

Those who see in our modern educational system the waste of money, time, and energy incurred in the pursuit of "scientific" truth about pupils' needs, aptitudes, and desires shudder to think of an extension of this sort of inquiry into every corner of human existence. The American people is fond enough as it is of what is called objective fact. Frequently it turns out to be nothing more than mass opinion, but however useful that determination is in its place, it is obviously no substitute for thought. Thought might suggest, among other things, that whereas efficiency can be tested, accomplishment cannot; that there is no single rule for achieving spiritual ends; that comfort cannot be legislated into existence or vice out of it, as prohibition showed, and that even if it could, it still would not be happiness. In short, the removal of discomfort, disease, and attendant despair in their well-known and easily visible forms is a full-time task for any reformer.

At this point it is often difficult to convince the ordinary scientific humanist that in making these objections one is not a mystic, a cynic, or a fundamentalist bishop in disguise. The truth is that one can be a twentieth-century product of our partly scientific civilization, full of faith in scientific method, without having the slightest faith in a religion of science. For it is plain that if science is not steadily regarded as an instrument to be guided by choices arrived at on a humanistic basis, it becomes an end in itself, a ritual and a body of doctrine which must be classed among the treacherous absolutes under which man is ever seeking shelter.

Unless, therefore, the scientific outlook means simply common honesty in dealing with facts, it cannot constitute a rationale for educational or social reform. The humanities must come first, not in order of importance or glory, but in simple precedence: if Henry George and the elder Huxley—who was a great and genuine scientist—are to cooperate, it is Huxley who must be directed by the other or by the community that contains them both.

If the inverse relation obtains, what does (and did) happen is that Huxley tells a science-worshipful public that "capital is the mother of labor," that the "working and owning classes are close allies and not opponents," and that in the social struggle "the qualities that insure success are energy, industry, intellectual capacity, tenacity of purpose . . . while fools and knaves sink to their natural place at the bottom." A people that laps up science gets the social implications it deserves. It won't do to discount Huxley as a stupid man or an old fogy. His intelligence was great, and it enabled him to make even in social affairs some profound and humanistically true observations. But they were true because they recommended themselves to humanists, not because Huxley was an F. R. S.

The humanists, it may be objected, furnish no solid ground for making social decisions. True, they and their researches help no one to choose between one kind of aluminum and another for making the ideal frying-pan. But they are fully able to guide democratic choice about social purposes. Despite endless disputes concerning details and means, there has been in the humanistic tradition of the West no deviation from a single aim—the achievement of certain kinds of freedom, beginning with freedom from bodily cares and ending with freedom from intellectual constraint. The history of culture is one long demonstration of something that can be called inherent, inexpugnable democracy. Nor does it stop there; the humanities generated the sciences themselves, the history of which demonstrates that our physical limitations can be made to yield by the application of intelligence. What more harmonious division of labor could be desired?

On the other hand, if scientific humanism erects science into a legislative and educational authority, it will be doing no better than the church with its supernatural sanctions, or the creators of *noblesse oblige* with its social sanctions. It may succeed for a time, riding the wave of superstitious scientism which modern advertising has so ably exploited already, but it will ultimately go down before a rebellion based, like all previous rebellions, on humanism, natural rights, or whatever other fiction expressive of human desires happens to meet the needs of the moment.

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BOOKS

Diego Rivera

DIEGO RIVERA, HIS LIFE AND TIMES. By Bertram D. Wolfe. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

MANY strange stories and legends have already gathered around the Colossus of Mexico. Bertram Wolfe's book on Rivera perpetuates some of these and deflates others. Mr. Wolfe has given us a flesh-and-blood portrait, well balanced and vividly written. The author quotes as his credo Carlyle's famous definition:

> If an individual is really of consequence enough to have his life and character recorded for public remembrance, the public ought to be made acquainted with all the inward springs and relations of his character. How did the world and man's life, from his particular position, represent themselves to his mind? . . . In one word, what and how produced was the effect of society on him; what and how produced was his effect on society? He who should answer these questions, in regard to any individual, would, as we believe, furnish a model of perfection in biography.

This task, all the more difficult because in this case it deals with a living man and his friends and intimates, and furthermore with a man around whom many controversies have surged, Mr. Wolfe has accomplished with tact and insight. He has tried to be fair and impartial, to present an all-around picture, the faults as well as the virtues. To be sure he is sometimes inclined to play the role of the apologist, and give his subject the benefit of the doubt. Which is as it should be: in general it is better to be affirmative and understanding than to be destructive and prejudiced with regard to the foibles of humanity. Nevertheless, from my own acquaintance with Rivera and the testimony of many of the characters that appear in the book, I should say that Mr. Wolfe's portrait of Rivera was essentially sound and as accurate as is humanly possible. And it is readable and exciting as well. He has dramatized, with the skill of a novelist and the integrity of a historian, the characters of Rivera's three wives, Angelina Beloff, Guadalupe Marin, Frieda Kahlo, and of such old friends as Elie Faure; he has dramatized with rare psychological insight a painter's progress from student days in Spain and Paris, through fruition in Mexico and the United States, to the frustration of the latest years. Over everything dominates the personality of Rivera, Gargantuan, myth-making, genial, intelligent, dynamic, ruthless, unpredictable.

But this book is more than the biography of a single man: it really lives up to its title of "Life and Times." And by doing so it appeals to a wider circle than those interested in Rivera the man or even in Rivera the artist. In the course of his interpretation of Rivera's art, the author, or the artist speaking through him, throws many interesting sidelights on one of the most burning questions of the day, the relation of the artist to society. His discussion, for example, of Rivera's relations with the artists of Montparnasse, such as Picasso, Gris, Modigliani, Kisling, Severini, Foujita, and many others, becomes, as it were, an illuminating commentary on the schools of Paris, the nature and underlying causes of their revolt against tradition.

> As we look back at them even from this brief distance, we can begin to see cubism, futurism, suprematism, and all the other schools of abstraction and formal experiment in modern art, as contrary eddies in a common current. Together they mark the end of a long progress of growing isolation of art from society, the result of art's having been forced increasingly to turn in upon itself. If the painters could no longer paint for society, they could at least paint for each other, and increasingly they did. If their craft was no longer a means to public ends, they would make it an end in itself.

And in succeeding chapters, when the colorful pageant of the Mexican Murals is unfolded, there are many wise and penetrating comments on the advantages and disadvantages of artists' unions, on propaganda and art, on the new symbology of the Brotherhood of Man, on the social value of frescos, on the common people's appreciation of art, on whether an artist should be a member of an active political party. The life of Rivera becomes, as it were, a case history, a documentation of experience by an unusually intelligent and forward-looking artist, which can be profitably read by everyone, both artist and layman, who is interested in the significance and social content of art. "I had the ambition," Rivera wrote of his Mexican murals, "to reflect the genuine essential expression of the land. I wanted my pictures to mirror the social life of Mexico as I see it, and through the reality and arrangement of the present, the masses were to be shown the possibilities of the future. I sought to be . . . a condenser of the striving and longing of the masses and a transmitter providing for the masses a synthesis of their wishes, so as to serve them as an organizer of consciousness and aid their social organization." The extent to which the artist has created a full-blooded synthesis of agrarian Mexico, and the fidelity of his rendering of the complex industrial and social organization of the United States, are fully revealed in this book.

Here is a living portrait of one of the most versatile and forceful of modern painters, the tribute of long-standing friendship and humane understanding. The book is handsomely printed, with 168 well-selected illustrations which throw much light on the text. CARL ZIGROSSER

Make It New

CULTURE. By Ezra Pound. New Directions. $2.50.

THE English edition of this volume is called "Guide to Kulchur." Because this title so perfectly sets the tone of the book, it is odd that it was not kept for American readers. Certainly Pound is the last person to wish a cold, unironic title set at the head of his irreverent remarks. The extreme oddness of these essays, to the reader inexperienced in Pound, may automatically invalidate many of his conclusions, some of which are valuable. It would be a good thing, therefore, if the new title at the outset were canceled and the old title written in.

Pound's ideal reader is a person who has experienced real discomfort on being shut up, in a railway train, lecture hall,

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or concert room, with well-modulated voices expressing careful, well-bred opinions on the subject of the arts. Such a reader will remember his own impulse to break into argot and obscenity. This is exactly what Pound has done here, for 349 pages. He has published in the last ten years a number of diatribes against the canned reverence accorded literature. He now goes for reverences pertaining to the whole field of culture, including mathematics, philosophy, painting, and music. He is against the pious respect which stiffens around mankind's achievements in all fields—"the religion of culture well adapted to the emotional needs of polite societies." He is all for breaking up, throwing out, biting the thumb at, pulling the beards of, disinterring, freshening, "making new." He refuses to attack moldy but sacred academic rigmaroles from a distance. A critic like Roger Fry, from whom Pound has learned much, is content to pin down the pretensions of philistines, culture addicts, and *avant-garde* snobs with well-bred wit. Pound walks into the field armed with stink bombs. He fronts the "specialists," running to seed in their limited circles, with his own eclecticism, which makes free of many. He is at times shallow, misinformed, inaccurate, but he smashes his way through the fences and pulls down the walls between archives.

Pound is a provincial American who, after receiving degrees from two provincial American universities, went to Europe and never came back. He combines in himself at present two strongly marked and—one would suppose—completely irreconcilable types: the brilliant American village atheist, and the European dilettante to whom "novelty is a positive virtue." At the beginning of his career, sick to death of the hangovers from the English nineteenth-century critical and artistic values then infecting American poetry, he determined to exhume poetry from the grave into which scholars and moralists had lowered it. He was after poetry in all languages, poetry of all ages. The preface to "The Spirit of Romance" (1910), "a book which never had a public," announced this ambition. Recently he has added a passionate belief in the theories of Major Douglas to his belief in pure poetic values. He is now a soldier of an Economic Faith Militant, as well as a fighting aesthetic. His unexpected jumps between these poles of his enthusiasm, his uncontrolled and frequently hysterical attempts to link the two passions together, his tub-thumping for Mussolini's planned economy make it a simple task to cull ridiculous and half-baked statements from his text. Certainly Pound has few disciples at present, and every critical observer has had a period of disliking his methods. The only way to be fair to a man who, in spite of all his faults, has spent his life cutting away dead wood in the sacred grove is to read "Guide to Kulchur" with an eye alert for its virtues rather than its defects.

"Great literature," Pound has said, "is simply language charged with meaning to the utmost possible degree." One of the sternest of Pound's English critics has admitted this statement to be "a very good corrective to the academic and general habit of discussing literature in terms of Hamlet's and Lamb's personalities, Milton's universe, Johnson's conversation . . . and Othello's or Shelley's private life." In contrast to academic failure to see, or acknowledge, the human vigor at the center of human art and thought, here are some sentences from Pound:

> In my student days no senior had the faintest inkling of Dante's interest, Shakespeare's interest in living. . . . The history of culture is the history of ideas going into action. . . . You can write history by tracing ideas, exposing the growth of a concept. You can also isolate the quality or direction of a given time's sensibility. That means the history of an art. . . . Properly, we shd. read for power. Man reading shd. be man intensely alive. The book shd. be a ball of light in one's hand. . . . I suspect that the error in educational systems has been the cutting off of learning from appetite. . . . How to see works of art? Think what the creator must have known and felt before he got round to creating them. . . .

Snap judgments, wrong insistence, and, although this is rare, lack of ordinary common sense lie scattered about on these pages. On the other hand, the book is almost completely free from *idées reçues*—except, of course, economic ones. What is lacking is the increasing mellowness and the real, as opposed to hysterical, breaking through into new thought one expects, not entirely sentimentally, from a seasoned artist of fifty. Pound's original substance has not been tough enough to go forward, in spite of and through struggle, into great originality. His taste for the obscure and the esoteric have ultimately weakened his gifts. He likes to fiddle around: to translate Latin translations of Chinese ideograms into English; to put a phrase of Aristotle's, in the original, under a Chinese character. (But it must be remembered that the only interesting and profound discussion of Chinese ideograms in English comes from Fenellosa, through Pound.)

All sorts of memories of Pound's real services in clearing up the aesthetic-moral muddles of the last thirty years must be referred to while one reads this book. And two sentences might be added to its title page:

> To express anything at all is a crime with the philistine; to express anything vital is a crime with culture. (Roger Fry.)
>
> I am trying to use not an inch rule but a balance. (Ezra Pound.)

LOUISE BOGAN

"I Come from Guernica"

THE CHILDREN OF GUERNICA. By Hermann Kesten. Alliance Book Corporation. $2.50.

AS GROWN-UP people behave like madmen and act like wild beasts, children, in comparison, acquire the dignity and wisdom of philosophers. They are the innocent, pathetic victims of fanaticism and brutality, and staring at adults with horror, they ask: "Why are you so crazy? Why must you be so wicked?"

In this book, writing in the first person, Hermann Kesten, an exiled German author in Paris, meets a lad who like himself is a refugee. As writers by profession are bound to be curious, Kesten is eager to hear the life story of the young stranger. The boy begins his narrative in a quiet manner: "My name is Carlos, and I come from Guernica. My father had the chemist's shop on the market square. He was the best man that ever lived."

The tragedy of Carlos and his family is the tragedy of the

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Spanish people. Life in Guernica, the Holy City of the Basque country, used to be calm and pleasant. The chemist was happy with his wife, Señora Pia, and with their children, who had such beautiful names—Carlos, José, Ghil, Innozentia, and Modesta. They loved their mother and adored their father. But the idyl was disturbed by the sudden arrival of Uncle Pablo, an adventurer. Many years before, there had been a serious quarrel between Father and Uncle Pablo, and the two brothers had not seen each other for a long while. Now Uncle Pablo comes back and makes trouble. He is impudent and cynical and rather witty. He amuses and frightens the children, and starts to flirt again with Señora Pia, who had once been his fiancee.

The civil war, the tragic fight between brothers, has its prologue in this private sphere. The family in Guernica is not at all concerned with politics; it demands only a certain amount of personal freedom and comfort. The civil war, when it comes, strikes them as an unintelligible catastrophe, like a thunderstorm or an awful disease. The Spanish children with the fine romantic names have to watch and to do revolting things. Some of them even get involved in a murder, and little Innozentia loses the right to her lovely name. Life becomes a nightmare. The sinister, naive, and moving report of young Carlos reaches its unforgettable climax with the description of the notorious bombardment. For the children of Guernica it means something like the end of the world. The mysterious, ruthless enemy destroys their homes and their city, brings death to two of them and to the good father, "the best man that ever lived." However, Señor Pia and Uncle Pablo succeed in escaping to France with what remains of the family, as does Carlos, who gets separated from the others.

But the flight to France was not the last adventure of the family. The story goes on like a baroque fairy tale, almost overcharged with odd events and absurd complications. Matters become still more confused when the lost son, Carlos —in Paris called "Monsieur Charles"—finds his mother, who is living with his cynical Uncle Pablo. The latter finally abandons the poor woman, going away with the attractive wife of Carlos's generous French host. Carlos, for his part, quarrels seriously with his brother José, because both of them have fallen in love with the same girl. It is all a half-tragic, half-comic mess. Carlos tries to commit suicide, and when he fails comes to important conclusions about how to continue with his life. He decides to become a writer, confident that he may communicate essential truths by telling of his past experiences.

Hermann Kesten, author of several brilliant novels and literary essays, often seems to laugh about serious matters. Sometimes the reader almost gets the impression that the author approves of Uncle Pablo's cynical ideals. But in reality Kesten is a moralist disguised as a grim joker. His book is neither bitter nor frivolous; is it frivolous to notice the grotesque elements in a tragedy? There are plenty of reasons, these days, to cry about human beings, and to laugh at them. The moralist in exile, whose face is wet with tears and distorted with painful laughter, utters with a touching sort of desolate enthusiasm the words of Beaumarchais's Figaro: "Hail to joy! Who knows if this world can endure another three weeks?"

KLAUS MANN

Seeing Real New York

CHANGING NEW YORK. Photographs by Berenice Abbott; Explanatory Text by Elizabeth McCausland. A Publication of the Federal Art Project. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

HOW superior to the usual romantic view book of New York is this book of photographs by Berenice Abbott! It is a book that literate people will wish to own and enjoy at their leisure. The stock thrillers of the gravure sections showing "Manhattan magic" are conspicuously absent. There are no views from the R. C. A. Building toward the harbor through the gloaming. There are not even, as in Mendelssohn's "America, Picture Book of an Architect," which seemed exciting ten years ago, any tall slit-like pictures to show tall slit-like canyons, nor is there any special opacity in the shadows that the skyscrapers cast on the slums.

It is a sober book, superficially matter-of-fact. Miss McCausland's captions, based on the work of a WPA research staff, gain their interest through their detailed and specific narrative. The straight photographic technique is of a kind which the camera-club enthusiasts for filter and angle shots will find old-fashioned: as in the newsstand guides, when you look at a skyscraper you can count every window. Quite evidently Miss Abbott, who has devoted ten years to seeing and photographing New York, has been in no hurry, has taken her pictures not as a tourist but as one who lives there.

The effect is like walking through the city on a slightly cloudy Sunday. Those days of modulated light tell so much more than the days of exhilarating sunshine, which dazzles you with half the view so as to blind you to the rest. And the detailed facts, keenly observed, build up to more in the end than "effects" do. Miss Abbott's composition, rich in content, have a delayed power. Sometimes this is magnificently epic and tragic, as in that incomparable view of the Henry Street tenement wall against the skyscrapers of Park Place. Once it sings right out, in the breath-taking glimpse of the downtown towers through the rigging of the schooner Theoline. Again, there are the times when Miss Abbott simply plants you in front of a Bowery sidewalk hardware display, where you can count—and price—the endless array of common articles, such as knives, paint brushes, and electric heaters. Then there is the contrast between the handling of the thumping old downtown Post Office (since demolished) with its funny pretentious columns, and the sudden discovery, presented without comment on the next page, of delicacy and refinement in the arabesque of an utterly unpretentious "Lebanon Restaurant" window.

Does this suggest with what skill, and what fresh delight for the eye, the artist has let the facts arrange themselves and recreate, through design, the city's fantastic story and its innumerable moods? The book has its own salt, too. Sometimes the fun is purely graphic, as in the three-fingered composition for the Flatiron Building or the African striping of the Triboro barber school; sometimes it is of subject matter, as in the grave picture of Lafayette on Union Square, addressing himself so gallantly to the "best-dressed women" of the huge sign of that not modest merchant, S. Klein.

This first book of New York calls for more. The real city

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has been invaded but not yet conquered. Miss Abbott deserves some help. She needs printers and plate-makers whose work is not so harsh. She needs to be relieved of editing done from above, if her own picture is to come out whole. Maybe, left to herself, she would find in her inexhaustible files more scenes that convey the heartiness and joy of life that seven million people have brought with them even into poor New York. The very last picture in the book gives a foretaste of greater richness. It shows the great arch of the Hellgate Bridge. This has never before been portrayed as so incredibly gracious a monster. By contrast, even the Triborough suspension span, which shows in a lower corner, is fragile and feminine. In front of the arch there blossoms, all succulent and tender—and confident—a little tree. Perhaps, of course, this is so fine because it is not really New York.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Tragedy of a Liberal

NIGHT RIDER. By Robert Penn Warren. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

NOT only is "Night Rider" a mature first novel, but it bodes extremely well for the future of American writing. Robert Penn Warren is clearly no one-book author. His progress since 1929, when his life of John Brown was published, is shown not only in the structure and pattern of "Night Rider" but in its clarity of writing and thinking and in the fulness of its characterization.

"Night Rider," on its most immediate and exciting level, is the painfully graphic story of the effects of the terrorism of the Night Riders, a group of tobacco growers in Kentucky in the early part of the century who tried, first by peaceful, then by violent, methods to organize a cooperative association. But the underlying motif of the book is the tragedy of Percy Munn, the young lawyer who, because of his belief in an ideal and because of the persuasion of men simpler and surer than himself, was compelled to act in a way that it was not in him to act. It is the inevitable tragedy of the liberal, the conflict which the man who cannot see that there are two sides to a question is never called upon to face.

John Brown, after he was captured at Harper's Ferry, said: "Two of my sons were killed here today, and I'm dying, too. I came here to liberate slaves, and was to receive no reward. I have acted from a sense of duty, and am content to await my fate. . . . I think I did right. . . . I hold that the Golden Rule, 'Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you,' applies to all who would help others to gain their liberty." And when he was led to the scaffold, the old man said quietly, "I am ready at any time—do not keep me waiting."

When Percy Munn became involved in arson and murder in an effort to gain the liberty of the poverty-stricken tobacco growers, enslaved to the buyers who paid them only starvation prices for their crops, he fled, failed in an attempt to shoot the man who had betrayed his cause, and finally committed suicide.

To the civilized mind Percy Munn is a much more sympathetic character than the fanatical abolitionist. The liberal, trying to organize a cooperative way of life for men who

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were too weak and ignorant to do it themselves, had a constructive plan and purpose. The future of the slaves for whose liberation John Brown willingly committed murder and treason, whose descendants can even now hardly be said to be free, never worried John Brown. And in the defeat of the whole-hearted man of action there is an integrated, triumphant tragedy; there is catharsis at the end. But inherent in the fate of the liberal of whom violent action is demanded is the cancelation, the final destruction, which leaves the reader, however moved to pity he may be, with a sense of unfulfilment and frustration.

> Between the acting of a dreadful thing
> And the first motion, all the interim is
> Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
> The genius and the mortal instruments
> Are then in council; and the state of man,
> Like a little kingdom, suffers then
> The nature of an insurrection.
> "Julius Caesar," Act II, Scene 1.

Of this "insurrection" in the life of Percy Munn, Mr. Warren has written with depth, insight, and rare distinction. No character in "Night Rider" fails to come fully to life. The book is at all times absorbing. It is in addition an important milestone in the development of the American novel.

MINA CURTISS

Shorter Notices

WINE OF GOOD HOPE. By David Rame. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The Middle Western states have ground for a complaint against David Rame, since theirs is the only important section of the world not used at least as a port of call in his nomadic novel, "Wine of Good Hope." The hero, Tony Lemaire, inherits a traditional wanderlust, the male members of his family having always left their vineyard of Languedoc in the Cape Colony to become soldiers of fortune. Even though it looks for a while as if Tony's love for the vine-covered land would wipe out the roving taint in his blood, his ambitious sister's intrigues and the ravages of a forest fire send him out upon a smuggling venture which in turn draws him to Brazil, Argentina, Malaya, London, New York, and intermediate points. Once well started, he is relentlessly driven on by a bitter dissatisfaction with himself and by a burning desire to find his father, who had disappeared a dozen or so years before but whose trail Tony finds blazed by legends of superhuman adventures. Languedoc he gladly leaves to the women of the family, to his sister and to his strong-willed grandmother, who never loses hope of bringing him back eventually to assume his proper responsibility. Even his fiancee and childhood sweetheart, Lowell Marlowe, cannot exorcise the demon that scourges him from hemisphere to hemisphere, bringing him into contact directly or indirectly with the Vargas insurrection, the Spanish civil war, the New England hurricane. You have to hand it to Tony: he has a knack of arriving at places where things are happening. And if you have a pretty firm conviction all along that everything will turn out happily, that he will find his father, marry Lowell, and return triumphantly to Languedoc—well, you know that no author is going to put his hero through all those paces just to have him end up in a transient shelter. Mr. Rame, who is a native of South Africa and has been around a bit himself, writes splendidly, and his up-to-date Anthony Adverse is likely to reach, and appeal to, a large audience.

PICASSO. By Gertrude Stein. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

Miss Stein's Picasso is an adamantine Spaniard who has constantly sought to intensify his vision of "things seen without association." At the same time there is a slight, peculiar tenderness in him—almost akin to sentimentality—which makes him desire various kinds of consolation. His story, as she sees it, is a fluctuation between these two tendencies. His Blue Period (1901-4) was pure Spanish, wavering, dipped in a temperament fantastically acute and touching. His return to Paris brought his Rose Period, when he almost lost himself in grace and delicacy as such. Cubism followed and a new attack in that war which would never end for him. Then 1917 and the seduction of Italy and the theater in virtually a second Rose Period. Subsequently, in the twenties, he became realistic, painted gigantic classical women, and was cool and precise and perhaps less searching—though the sheer "writing" which figured in some of his drawing did show, says Miss Stein, the retention of Saracen elements from his homeland. Next came the period of Russian influence, due perhaps to his wife; then two years of idleness (1935-37), and finally the impressive resolutions of the last two years, induced by the Spanish War. An appealing book, just, perceptive, and close to the artist. Handsomely printed, it completes what was begun in "Portraits and Prayers" and adds an indispensable item for the appreciation of the least predictable of modern painters.

RECORDS

MARIAN ANDERSON has sung with the beautiful art but never, in my experience, with the sheer loveliness of voice that is to be heard in her new version of "I Can't Stay Away," with "Were You There?" on the reverse side of the Victor record ($1.50). On the other hand, the splendor of Flagstad's voice is, as usual, not wholly recreated by the record ($1.50) of Strauss's "Cäcilie" and "Seitdem dein Aug' "; but on this record is phrasing—particularly the subtly inflected sustained phrasing of "Seitdem dein Aug' "—which expresses musical feeling and taste that are as impressive and moving as the voice.

Gieseking's performance of Beethoven's Sonata Opus 53 ("Waldstein") (Columbia: three records, $5) is beautifully wrought; but played *Adagio molto,* or very slowly, as Beethoven directs, the slow movement can have a significance and effect that it cannot have played *Andante,* with movement, as it is by Gieseking. The piano is recorded with clarity and fidelity, but without the richness of timbre that has been heard on the recent Rubinstein records and that is even more extraordinary in the Victor set of Chopin's Sonata Opus 58 (three records, $6.50). The first movement of this fine work is spoiled for me by Brailovsky's distortion of phrase in the

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way that is traditional in performance of Chopin; but the other three movements are free of this and highly satisfying.

The sheer gorgeousness of sound that is in Delius's music is in "Appalachia," which occupies five of the seven records in the Delius Society's Volume III ($14) issued here by Columbia. In most of his works this gorgeousness is amorphous; but "Appalachia," like "Brigg Fair," gains from being in the highly vertebrate form of theme and variations. Good also are the excerpts from "Irmelin" and "Koanga" on another record; but the music for the closing scene of "Hassan" on still another is quite poor. Beecham's performances with the London Philharmonic and the choruses of the B. B. C. and the Royal Opera are excellent; the recording is of the superfine quality that English Columbia seems to reserve for these volumes; the surfaces are of an improved quality which I hope American Columbia will not reserve for these volumes; and Columbia continues to set an example, which Victor continues not to follow, by including the original English booklet in the set.

If there is anything finer and more exciting in jazz being recorded than the performances of John Kirby's Orchestra it has yet to come my way; and this will continue until someone decides to build Kirby up and persuades him to enlarge the orchestra from six men to sixteen. Every one of the players is first-rate, but the outstanding member of the group is Billy Kyle; and it is his extraordinary piano-playing that contributes most to making "Rehearsin' for a Nervous Breakdown" and "Pastel Blue" (Decca) and "The Turf" (Vocalion) the exciting things they are. The only recent record that approaches them is the Brunswick reissue of the Teddy Wilson "What a Little Moonlight Can Do," and for the same reason—the piano-playing of Wilson at the height of his 1935 powers. Then there is a fascinating solo by Jess Stacy in the Goodman Orchestra's "I'll Always Be in Love with You" (Victor); Meade "Lux" Lewis's famous "Honky Tonk Train Blues" is reissued on Bluebird; and there are excellent trumpet-playing by Frankie Newton and fine work by the entire group in his record of "Rosetta" and "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise" (Bluebird).

B. H. HAGGIN

DRAMA

Mr. Behrman Goes Astray

CERTAIN virtues can almost be taken for granted in any play by S. N. Behrman, but "No Time for Comedy" (Ethel Barrymore Theater) seems to me distinctly less successful than any other of his recent works and at least relatively superficial as well as relatively unfunny.

As the title suggests, the problem is specifically that with which Mr. Behrman himself has been repeatedly faced—the problem of a comic writer living in an age which forces upon his attention conflicts which the comic spirit seems incapable of resolving. He is faced therefore with an unhappy choice: either he must abandon the form and spirit of pure comedy, or he must confine himself to subjects which are bound to seem remote for the simple reason that they are

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bound to avoid reference to the topics most persistently under discussion. In the past Mr. Behrman has got around the difficulty in more than one way. In "Biography," for instance, he eluded it by making the two proponents of conflicting political philosophies so plainly mere talkers that they could be satisfactorily disposed of by the talk of the brilliant woman who embodied the comic philosophy. In "Rain from Heaven" he sent the German exile back to his native land to fight the battle which he could no longer honorably avoid, while he left his heroine to continue life in her own land, where, for the time being at least, the comic virtues of tolerance and common sense still have their place. Both of these plays were successful, but "No Time for Comedy" ceases almost to be comedy at all while failing to become very much more than a rather tepid problem play.

The central situation seems decidedly promising. It concerns the dilemma of a brilliant young writer who, just as he is beginning to be tired of writing smart comedies for his actress wife, falls into the hands of a sort of up-to-date Dulcy, a rich woman who goes in for serious problems and is accustomed to use as a technique of seduction the discovery that successive men are wasting their talents by not realizing the depths of their souls. Inevitably our hero writes a play about death, asks his Dulcy to marry him, and plans to go off to Spain to fight for democracy. But when he realizes that the play is wretched stuff, it is almost equally inevitable that he should return to his wife and, presumably, forget about Spain. Perhaps the fundamental trouble with the play is that it has really two themes, here related but not identical, which are never clearly distinguished and which get in each other's way. One theme, specifically stated, is concerned with a conflict over a man between two types of women—the shrewd, intelligent critic and the yearning flatterer or, as the former puts it, the tearer-downer and the builder-upper. The other theme, and the one to which the title of the play refers, is concerned with the question whether or not the comic virtues have any place in a world where, as a character in one of the author's previous plays remarked, "while you are trying to understand your enemy he will kill you." This second theme Mr. Behrman takes seriously and seems by no means willing to dispose of out of hand. Yet he has begged the question and made the conclusion inevitable by making the protagonist of the graver view a pretentious imbecile while letting the hero's choice of an attitude nevertheless depend largely upon his choice between the two women. Perhaps because the two themes are confused, neither of the issues is ever directly faced, and at no time does either conflict really come to a head. The play is brought to a close by an ingenious theatrical trick, but brought to a close while one is still waiting for the decisive confrontation of the problem with which it ostensibly proposes to deal. The big scene has simply not been written, and even the hero's conclusions concerning the place of comedy in his world are left almost sentimentally vague.

Only occasionally does the dialogue exhibit the crisp and witty precision one has come to expect from Mr. Behrman, and it may be that the central confusion is also responsible both for that and for the fact that the characters seem to lack the charm which even his rattle-brains have managed so often in the past to suggest. Under the transforming touch of pure comedy even bores become entertaining, though we still recognize the fact that they would be intolerable in any drawing-room except the enchanted one which the comic writer has conjured up, and in the same magic realm even fools make themselves welcome. But in "No Time for Comedy" Mr. Behrman's characters are seen without enchantment; so that Katharine Cornell cannot make the heroine as charming as she ought to be and Margalo Gilmore, though I think she plays extremely well, cannot make the solemn seductress amiable. Much the same may be said of Laurence Olivier as the playwright. We are asked to believe that, though we see him in a bad mood, he is really a young man of graciousness and charm as well as intelligence. Yet I could not see him as other than a pouting and ill-humored puppy. Probably Mr. Behrman was not very happy in writing this play, and he does not make the spectator very happy either.

Probably no one concerned in the original production of "Pins and Needles" at the Labor Stage was sanguine enough to suppose that it would ever live to require a 1939 edition, but there seems no good reason now why it shouldn't last indefinitely. One of the new skits, The Red Mikado, stopped the show at its first performance, and is a brilliant as well as a hilarious satire. Another of the new numbers, called Papa Lewis, Mamma Green, is almost as good, and there is lots of other new material, some of which stings sharply for all its apparent good humor. "Pins and Needles" ought to be an institution—if it isn't one already.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Letters to the Editors

How Loyal Is Canada?

Dear Sirs: Mr. David Martin's conclusions in his article "The King Comes to Canada" in *The Nation* for March 11 seem to me merely a triumph of wishful thinking, and I should be sorry to see them accepted by your readers as unchallengeable facts. That there have been great changes in Canada since 1914 every informed person is aware. The mere fact of the country having lost 60,000 men in the Great War, and seen its national debt increased fivefold, is enough to insure that it will not go to war again without some thought. When and if the final crisis comes in Europe, Canada will make up its own mind; but it is far from certain that the decision will be against cooperation with Britain. Many circumstances lead me to expect the reverse; and in particular my impressions of the September crisis are utterly different from Mr. Martin's. I was in Canada at the time, and my observation—confirmed by that of every political observer I have talked with—was that as the tension grew it became steadily clearer that if war came the Dominion would be in it almost from the first moment. Every day brought increased pressure upon the government for a policy of cooperation: from newspapers (in this connection Mr. Martin, ingeniously reversing the Toronto *Globe and Mail's* campaign, attempts to use it as evidence of isolationist feeling); from groups (the organized veterans were especially conspicuous, and the Canadian Corps Association offered to raise and train one division "as a preliminary contribution"); from many individuals. On September 24 the Toronto *Saturday Night,* an influential independent weekly of moderate views, severely criticized the pressure groups for embarrassing the Prime Minister at a difficult moment, and added:

> Nobody in any part of the world, we imagine, can have been in any doubt that had the British government gone to war over Czechoslovakia, or should it even yet find it necessary to do so, the Dominion of Canada would join in that war to the extent of its resources in men and money, with the same impassioned conviction as it did in 1914.

Limitations of space forbid me to discuss here the motives prompting the present Canadian official policy of "no commitments," to examine Mr. Martin's historical arguments, or even to point out his errors of fact. Of these last, one particularly glaring example must suffice: the statement that "an agreement has been concluded for the construction of a military highway from the American border through British Columbia to Alaska." This is entirely untrue. All that has been done is that both countries have appointed fact-finding commissions to investigate the project.

C. P. STACEY

Princeton, N. J., March 28

Dear Sirs: Mr. Stacey adduces certain quotations and facts to prove that there was a widespread sentiment in favor of military support to Britain. My article does not deny the existence of such a sentiment; on the contrary, it points out that the bulk of the Canadians of British descent are still loyal to the empire—but that the same thing cannot be said about the remaining 49 per cent of the population.

Mr. Stacey accuses me of ingeniously attempting to reverse the position of the Toronto *Globe and Mail.* I would recommend a more careful reading to Mr. Stacey. The few questions which I used could only have come from an article favoring empire solidarity; to reverse the *Globe and Mail's* position—particularly by employing the selected quotations—would be a feat, I fear, beyond all ingenuity.

There is one minor correction that I should like to acknowledge. No *formal* agreement has yet been concluded for the construction of the Alaska highway. But when Premier Patullo of British Columbia returned from Washington last year he announced that the American officials and himself were completely agreed on the project and that it only remained to arrange the finances.

Mr. Stacey has assiduously refrained from dealing with my essential arguments. I point out that economically Canada is far more dependent on the United States than it is on Britain, and that everything today indicates that there will be a further alienation from Britain and a further rapprochement with the United States. I state that Canada could not participate in another European war without running the risk of serious disaffection in French Canada—an opinion concurred in by some of the most authoritative Canadian journals. I quote a statement made by Major General J. F. C. Fuller in which Canada is bitterly denounced as the major obstacle in the way of a united empire defense scheme.

Mr. Stacey apparently considers public opinion and newspaper opinion and governmental policy to be identical. But the Chamberlain government during the Czech crisis gave a classic demonstration of the gulf that can sometimes separate public opinion from official policy. Mr. Stacey, moreover, has not accurately represented press opinion, let alone public opinion. If the *Globe and Mail* was pro-British during the crisis, the *Toronto Star,* from the standpoint of popular influence the most powerful paper in Canada, discreetly avoided the question. The major part of the French Canadian press observed a similar discretion—effectively concealing from the casual observer the hostility of the *Canadiens* to participation in a foreign war. True, the Canadian Corps pledged its loyalty to Britain, but the leadership of the Canadian Corps is about as representative of the rank and file as is the leadership of the American Legion.

It is to be noted that my article does not exclude the possibility that Canada will side with Britain in the event of war. What it does say is that this is contingent primarily upon the future of British-American relations. If Premier King today is prepared to solidarize Canada with Britain and France, he is only following the American lead. On the surface this may appear as a display of empire solidarity. But if Britain ever returns to its previous orientation—and there is no guaranty that it will not—the bonds of empire would become extremely tenuous things.

DAVID MARTIN

Toronto, Canada, April 7

Albanian Heroes

Dear Sirs: The events of last week evoke a vivid picture of a great military leader of antiquity who, as an invincible conqueror, marched at the head of Albanian troops into the distant Orient—Alexander the Great. History calls him King of Macedon but identifies this Macedonian as an Albanian. The Albanian people treasure the memory of this ancestor, whom they call "Iskander,"

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and King Zog's heir was given that name.

In the second canto of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" Lord Byron shows his hero landing on the coast of Albania and extols in the following passage the dauntless descendants of Alexander the Great:

Fierce are Albanians, yet they lack
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.
Where is the foe that ever saw their back?
Who can so well the toil of war endure?
Their native fastnesses not more secure
Than they in doubtful time of troublous need:
Their wrath how deadly! but their friendship sure,
When Gratitude or Valor bids them bleed
Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief may lead.

Now these heroes have become Mussolini's slaves. ANTON KUH

New York, April 13

Jewish Life and Literature

Dear Sirs: In his otherwise able review of Singer's East of Eden," Harold Strauss makes certain generalizations concerning Jews and Yiddish literature which have little basis in fact. It is no more accurate to state that Yiddish literature "is still extremely close to its folk culture" than it is to assert that it is eminently sophisticated and cosmopolitan. Yiddish writers, like all honest artists, are interested in all aspects of Jewish life and depict those which appeal to them most.

Nor is it entirely true that to the Jews of Eastern Europe "a day in 1913 was hardly distinguishable from a day in 1773." While the culture of the backward Jewish villages followed in the main its accustomed medieval pattern until the World War, it was nowhere "hermetically sealed"; indeed, for the past half-century young Jews have been in the vanguard of the revolutionary political and social movements. One need only read the early plays and novels of Sholem Asch, or even the works of the older Yiddish writers, to appreciate the deep cultural ferment within the Jewish pale.

Moreover, Mr. Strauss's further assertion that "the majority of Yiddish novels begin in the timeless existence of the ghetto" is simply not according to fact. The greater part of the writings of Asch, Opatoshu, Leivich, and other living writers begin in the present and deal with vital issues of modern Jewish life. CHARLES A. MADISON

New York, March 30

Dwight C. Morgan

Dear Sirs: The foreign-born in America suffered an inestimable loss in the untimely death of Dwight C. Morgan. Having helped to organize the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born in 1933 and having served as its secretary until he died last January, Dwight C. Morgan will be remembered as a self-sacrificing and courageous leader and a most loyal friend of those he undertook to help.

In tribute to him his friends and coworkers are creating the Dwight C. Morgan Memorial Fund. The money is to be devoted to educational purposes, making possible the continued publication of books and pamphlets on questions whose understanding is vital to the welfare of the foreign-born. It is essential to the safeguarding of American democracy that they be equipped with a sound knowledge of the dangers of unjust deportation, unfair discrimination, and legal measures which threaten them, and with an appreciation of their position in this country. "Every part of the fight for equal rights for the foreign-born will help to maintain and extend the democratic rights of the native-born," Dwight C. Morgan said in his pamphlet, "The Foreign Born in the United States."

In order that the purposes of the memorial fund may be adequately fulfilled, it is proposed to raise $5,000 as a minimum. Donations may be sent to Charles Recht, care the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MARIQUITA VILLARD

New York, March 20

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